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WITH BORROWED PLUMAGE

A Story of Some Trunks and A Valet

by Will N. Harben — *Pictures by* B. Martin Justice

First Chapter

JACK WASHINGTON wrote a receipt for the drayman, who had just deposited a load of furniture in front of the long storage warehouse, and then sauntered back to where Mr. Staunton Hatheway sat.

"You are right, Mr. Hatheway," said the clerk, taking up the conversation where it had been interrupted by the arrival of the furniture. "If I was you, I'd get some regular position on a paper or magazine. I ain't much of a hand to read, but what you write is certainly good enough for anybody. Besides, you can't go on any longer as you are going now. That's just certain."

"You mean, uncle won't stand it," answered Hatheway tentatively.

The clerk seated himself on a dry-goods box and began to kick it awkwardly with his heels, and to pull at his red mustache with his big-jointed fingers.

"That's about the size of it," he replied finally. "The old man was mighty mad last night when he found you hadn't set to work in the warehouse. He said he had ruined you with the college education he gave you, and if you didn't get to work right away he'd cut you off entirely."

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"I haven't left a stone unturned in the way of securing an editorial position," answered Hatheway. "The trouble, Jack, is in getting to see the proper men face to face. They are always busy. I simply can't get an interview. Now, at college I used to get along splendidly, for when I am thrown with men as an equal I can always make a favorable impression. I have made a dozen futile attempts to meet Mr. Wecksler, the editor of The Decade. I understand he needs an assistant, and I am thoroughly convinced that I am the very man he is looking for. I have now a splendid opportunity of being thrown with him for a week at a house-party, but even that chance is going to slip through my fingers from lack of funds."

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"A house-party!" echoed the clerk; and then he paused, his legs hung straight down, and he stared expectantly.

"It was an accident that the invitation came my way," went on Hatheway, rolling a cigarette. "Belmont Sturges, an old Yale chum of mine, asked me to the Anglo-American Club last Saturday night. Toward the close of the evening a number of speeches and recitations were given, and Sturges, remembering my college poems, prompted some one to call on me. I gave them some verses of mine, and happened to make a hit. The whole room applauded, and they made me recite several others.

"To cut it short, Colonel Warrenton, a rich retired banker, a jovial old fellow, demanded an introduction. He declared he was devoted to men with literary aspirations; we had an agreeable chat together, and he ended by inviting me to a house-party at his place on the Hudson. Mr. Wecksler, the editor of The Decade, is to be there. I accepted, but I am going to decline the invitation by letter."

"And not get a chance at the editor?" asked Washington in a tone in which the utmost disappointment plainly sounded.

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"I couldn't think of going," answered Hatheway. "You see, it is to be a gathering of genuine upper-ten swells. Wecksler himself is a very stylish chap, and every man of them will dress in the height of fashion. As you know, I've sold everything I have except this suit of clothes. Oh, if I could make a decent appearance I'd go,—you may depend on that!"

The clerk was silent for a moment, and his red-rimmed eyes went roaming about the great room, resting finally on a pile of trunks near where he was sitting.

"It would be wrong, perhaps, Mr. Hatheway," he said; "but if I could get anything out of our storage that would fit you I'd run the risk of bein' caught by your uncle. This dozen trunks belongs to a two-hundred-pounder,—a fat actor, who has gone to Europe for the summer. But his things never would do you any good."

"No; and even if they would fit me, I am not low enough to wear another man's clothes," laughed the poet. "I shall simply have to give up the idea; but I'd wager anything, if I could cut a fair figure at that house-party, I could be on the staff of The Decade inside of a week."

Washington went to the front again, and, when he came back he found Hatheway softly laughing to himself.

"I've an idea," said the poet. "I think you could help me if you would lend me three of those trunks."

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The clerk stared with widening eyes.

"But they are chock full of stuff," he said slowly, "and the owner has the keys."

"I should want them just as they are, and I'd not open them," said Hatheway.

"Not open them," echoed Washington, and the grin on his face became fixed.

"You see, it would be a gigantic bluff on my part," explained the poet. "In the present day it doesn't matter whether you are rich or not, just so that people think you are. If you will help me smuggle out three of the best of them for a week, I'll do the rest."

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"That will be easy enough," answered the clerk. "Just let me know, and I'll send them wherever you want 'em sent."

"There is another difficulty," said the poet. "I'll have to

"YOU'VE LOST YOUR KEYS, SIR," SAID THE VALET

get a valet for a week, and one, also, in whom I can confide my scheme."

"How'd I suit?" asked the clerk. "I am going to get a week off, and I wouldn't mind helping in that capacity."

"You! Would you go?" exclaimed the poet delightedly.

"I don't know anything I'd like more," said Washington with a grin. "I want to go somewhere, and I'd save paying board at the house-party. I have never tried my hand at keeping a gentleman's clothes in order, but I will do my best."

"Between us, we ought to be able to look after this solitary suit and my linen," laughed Hatheway, "for that's all I shall have."

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Second Chapter

EARLY in the morning, two days later, Colonel Warrenton and his guests were seated on the veranda of his country home, having just left the breakfast-room. Mr. Aaron Wecksler, the young editor of The Decade, was swinging to and fro in a hammock with his cigar and Miss Van Strober, a pretty young heiress of New York. Mrs. Warrenton sat on the steps chatting with half a dozen young men and young women in tennis costumes. Colonel Warrenton was walking back and forth on the end of the veranda. Suddenly he paused, gave a hasty glance across the lawn to the wide entrance gates, and exclaimed:

"Hello, what's this? It looks like a lot of big trunks. Why, my dear" (to his wife), "who else is coming?"

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The look of curiosity on Mrs. Warrenton's face deepened as she rose and came to her husband.

"Oh, dear," she whispered, "what shall we do? I am afraid it is Cousin Clara and her party home from Europe. It would be just like them to head for us as soon as they landed; we can never make room for them, with all these visitors."

"Bosh!" ejaculated the Colonel, his face still in the clutch of perplexity; "they haven't sailed from Southampton yet. But hang me! I don't understand this. I wonder if I could have asked——"

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Mrs. Warrenton laid her white hand on his arm and forced him to look into her eyes.

"Well," he said with a nervous shrug, "what is it?"

"You are up to your old tricks," she said sharply. "You have invited people here without consulting me. It may be a company of strolling opera singers for anything I know."

"My dear, I would not think of taking such a great liberty," faltered the Colonel.

"James," he said to the servant, who was placing some wicker chairs on the veranda, "go see what names are on those trunks. On my word," he said to Mr. Wecksler and his companion, who had drawn near, "I can't remember any one else I have invited, and it really looks like quite a party."

The luggage-wagon had now drawn up at the side of the house, and, paper and pencil in hand, James was examining the visiting cards tacked on the ends of the trunks. After a moment he returned to the now expectant group on the veranda.

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"They seem to belong to Mr. Staunton Hatheway, sir," announced the servant.

"What! all three of them?" gasped the Colonel.

"They all have his name on 'em, sir."

The Colonel burst into a laugh of relief.

"I now recall inviting him," he said to Wecksler. "I met him at the club,—a bright young fellow, with a lot of go and dash, and a poet of some reputation, I think. Have you heard of him, Wecksler?"

"I think I have," answered the editor thoughtfully. "We took a poem by a man of that name a few weeks ago,—a pretty promising thing, too; but I did not know he was a society man."

"Oh, yes; and quite rich, I believe," ran on the Colonel, his imagination keeping pace with his relief over the turn things had taken. "I got the—the impression, somehow, that he was well-to-do, but I really didn't know he was such a—a dresser. He struck me as being rather simple in his taste, but one can never tell what a poet likes."

"That's true," chimed in the musical voice of a Miss Verule. "I am so fond of poets, and when they are really accustomed to the good usages of society they are doubly attractive. It looks as if this Mr. Hatheway had traveled quite extensively."

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"Traveled? Pray how can you judge that?" demanded Miss Van Strober, with an acid smile at the only girl of her acquaintance whom she really deemed so good looking as herself.

"From the great variety of hotel labels on the trunks," replied Miss Verule, who would have made a good detective.

"Well, I'm awfully glad I asked him," said their host. "I seemed to be entertaining an angel unawares that night. He is an interesting conversationalist, and recites beautifully."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Miss Van Strober. "Girls, I don't care whether you want to dress again or not, but I am going to take off this last-summer suit."

"I'm sure the gentlemen already present ought to feel highly complimented," said Wecksler, with half a frown. "I say, Colonel, when do you expect this Count of Monte Cristo,—this Lord Byron?"

"I was just wondering how his luggage happened to get here ahead of him," answered the host; "usually it is half an hour later than the carriage which meets the trains."

Just then the Colonel's brougham entered the gates, and when it had stopped at the veranda the driver dismounted and gave the Colonel a telegram. It read as follows:

> "Missed morning train. Will arrive at one o'clock. Hope my luggage will not be in the way till Stubbs can look after it.
>
> "STAUNTON HATHEWAY."

"Stubbs!" mused the Colonel; "I wonder if I invited any one,—ah, of course, Stubbs is his valet."

Mrs. Warrenton turned to go into the house. "I must see about his apartment," she said. "I wonder if he would like the blue room?"

"Yes, give it to him," jested Wecksler. "It will suit him when he gets back poems from the magazines."

"You really have no feeling," retorted Miss Van Strober rather indignantly, and she went upstairs to consult her maid in regard to her dress for luncheon.

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Third Chapter

A FEW minutes after one o'clock the poet and his red-headed confederate arrived. They were met on the threshold by the Colonel.

"I am so glad you came," he said cordially to Hatheway. "Just walk into the drawing-room; James will show your man where to deposit your things."

"What a delightful place you have," remarked the poet, as he drew off a rather worn pair of gloves. "I presume my luggage arrived all right?"

"Oh, yes," said the host; "it has been taken to your rooms upstairs."

Then it became necessary for the poet to address a hasty warning to Washington, for that individual had absent-mindedly followed his master into the drawing-room, and was blandly eyeing each piece of furniture, as if it were a candidate for admission into the storage warehouse.

"Stubbs," said Hatheway, catching his breath as he took the glass of sherry handed him by Warrenton, "open my trunks and get out something—a—a change, you know."

"All right," said Washington, coming to himself suddenly, and he left the room.

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A moment later peals of laughter came in from the lawn through the open windows, and then followed the voices of men and women in animated dispute.

"It's the tennis party coming from the court," explained the Colonel. "They quarrel like that after every game. They seem to have stopped outside. Suppose we go out and join them."

The introductions over, the poet became at once the target for the glances of the entire house-party. It was because he had deep reverence for editorial power, and had smouldering hopes of some day wielding it, that he swerved toward Wecksler and Miss Van Strober, who were seated on a rug and cushions spread upon the grass.

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There was the usual absence of words after an introduction, but Wecksler was gracefully equal to the occasion.

"I had the pleasure of taking a poem of yours the other day, Mr. Hatheway," he said. "Let me congratulate you on it. It was a pretty conceit."

"Thanks," said the poet, and then his heart rose into his mouth, for he saw Washington stumbling down the veranda steps, a white, set look on his face, and realized that, whatever the fellow's qualifications as a friend and clerk, he was certainly a most deplorable actor.

"You have lost your keys, sir," Washington ejaculated, stumping his toe on a tuft of grass and almost falling into Miss Van Strober's lap. "The trunks are all right, sir, but I can't get in 'em."

"Lost my keys? Why do you say *I* have lost my keys?" asked the poet, trying to brace Washington up with a sharp, warning glance.

"I mean I can't find 'em," stammered the clerk. "I thought maybe you had 'em."

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Hatheway thrust his hands into all of his pockets.

"I think I did have them," he said to the Colonel, who was looking on with concern, "but I can't find them."

"Too bad," consoled the Colonel; "how did it happen?"

"I think I must have dropped them into the water from the boat. At the landing some boys were diving for money, and I was throwing some coins into the water. I think I heard the keys splash, now I come to think of it."

"Borrow a hatchet," suggested Miss Van Strober with a laugh. "At Newport, last summer, my maid ruined a fine box for me."

Hatheway was gazing into the mellow depths of Miss Van Strober's eyes, but despite their attractions he saw only a jumbled mass of tinseled costumes made to fit the proportions of a fat actor, and his blood ran cold.

"No," was the word he cast into the vacancy of Washington's visage; "the locks are very heavy, and—and the trunks were presented to me by a friend. You'd better search for the keys. There is no particular hurry. I feel very comfortable as I am."

"I think I can help you," said Colonel Warrenton. "There is a most expert locksmith near here. He can open the trunks for you without the slightest trouble. Shall I have James telephone him?"

Again the tinseled nightmare bore down on the poet. The sunlight on the blue surface of the river seemed to laugh at his helplessness. He caught a glimpse of Washington's face; it was full of startled angles of dread.

"I wouldn't let nobody monkey with them trunks!" the clerk gasped in sheer despair, but Hatheway interrupted him.

"Thank you, Colonel Warrenton," he said indifferently, "if it won't be too much trouble. And when he comes, Stubbs, show him where they are. Perhaps you can indicate the trunk that contains the most necessary things." As Washington was shambling away, the poet noticed that Miss Van Strober was smiling.

"He looks frightened," she said with a little laugh, as she caught Hatheway's eye. "Do you know, it is interesting to find even a poet's valet eccentric. Has he been with you long?"

"Not very long," answered Hatheway, his mind on the subject which had addled the brain of his confederate. "If you will excuse me, I'll speak to him; he seems a little upset. I—I think the poor fellow is blaming himself for the loss of the keys."

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He found Washington alone in the hall, growing paler and weaker each moment. When he saw Hatheway he leaned against a flower-stand and groaned.

"Great Cæsar! Mr. Hatheway, what on earth are we to do? If I had dreamt——"

"Sh! Be quiet," said the poet with an irrepressible laugh. "For heaven's sake, shut up and listen! Have you any money?"

"About twenty dollars, sir," slowly responded Washington.

"All right, that's good! Now, when that locksmith comes take him up to our room, and when you have him out of the earshot of everybody, swear him to secrecy, give him five dollars, and tell him,—tell him that your master is a rich swell, and that he made a bet at his club with a man that he could stay here a week without opening his trunks. Tell him to tinker with the locks a while, and then get him to announce to me before the others that it is impossible. Tell him to invent some plausible reason. Tell him if he ever gives me away I'll——"

But James had come, and was ringing the telephone bell near by.

The house-party was at luncheon when the locksmith arrived. The guests had come from the dining-room into the airy library when he and Washington came downstairs, in full view of everybody.

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"I say, Stubbs," called out Hatheway, who was assisting his hostess to serve the coffee. "Did he get in all right?"

"Impossible, sir!" said Washington dramatically.

"Surely you don't mean it," said Hatheway, handing a cup of coffee to Miss Van Strober at the piano.

"I can't make it, sir," confirmed the locksmith, plunging into his part as he leaned awkwardly in the doorway. "The locks are all of foreign make and very intricate. I might break 'em, but it would absolutely ruin the trunks, and they are mighty good ones, sir."

The poet went back to Mrs. Warrenton's table to get the cup she had filled, and, as he handed it to one of the young women, he laughed. "I have duplicate keys at home, but I could never get them without going to the city, and it is awfully hot. I declare, it really looks as if you'll have to put up with me as I am."

"I hope you are going to let us," replied Miss Van Strober. "The ideal poet, you know, is—well, he doesn't care so much for outward appearances as your wardrobe would indicate."

"That just settles it, then," answered Hatheway. "I shall not change this suit while I am here. I shall do it in defense of my Bohemian brethren."

"Good; I like that in you!" exclaimed Wecksler encouragingly.

"It's no place for dress, anyway," broke in the Colonel. "Let's have a good free-and-easy time."

"I know I shall enjoy it all the more," said the poet, and he broke into a smile as he watched Washington, who was edging away with the grinning locksmith.

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The week passed very pleasantly. The Colonel's guests seemed to bend their social energies toward making the poet forget the contents of his trunks. He became quite intimate with Wecksler, who dressed simply, out of courtesy, and every morning the two discussed current literary matters over their cigars in the smoking-room. Hatheway found himself suggesting certain alterations in the plans of The Decade and seeing his ideas approved by Wecksler.

"I wish I had you with me in the office," said Wecksler one morning. "You seem to put new life into me. The assistant I have is a crank on realism, and everything of any other nature turns his stomach. He leaves the staff on the first of next month."

Hatheway caught his breath; his eyes shot forth a gleam of blended fear and hope. He

Bribing the locksmith

rose and took a fresh cigar from a box on the centre table, and lighted it carelessly.

"What a pity," he said.

"He is so different from you," went on Wecksler. "You are well fitted to such a place, being unusually free from narrow prejudices. Why have you not thought of editorial work?"

The poet took his cigar from his lips and rolled it between his fingers. An expert mind-reader could not have told that he was meeting the crisis of his life.

"The truth is," he admitted with a laugh, "I have thought of it. In fact, it has been a sort of dream of mine, but I did not know exactly how to go about making such a connection. I detest running after favors of any kind. I just can't do it!"

Wecksler rose in delighted eagerness.

"If you will consider a situation on my staff, it is yours," he said. "The salary allowed by the company is only three thousand, but perhaps——"

Hatheway waved his hand indifferently, and frowned a little as he began to look for another match.

"Oh, that would be satisfactory," he said, "and if you really want me, I think I'll accept your offer."

"I shall certainly hold you to it," said Wecksler enthusiastically. "Together we shall make something out of the magazine."

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Half an hour later the poet went up to his room and sent for his valet.

"We must return home to-morrow, Washington," he announced.

"To-morrow?" repeated the clerk; "I thought——"

"The others leave on Monday," said Hatheway, "and I want to get off ahead of them. I have secured the position."

"On the magazine, sir?"

"Yes; and for a booming salary."

"You have worked it mighty smooth, sir."

For a moment the two friends were silent, then Washington's red face lighted up with some pleasing thought.

"That rich young lady, Mr. Hatheway, has certainly taken quite a fancy to you," he said decidedly.

"To me? Washington, you must surely be mistaken."

"I know what I am talking about," answered Washington. "Her maid told me that Miss Van Strober can't talk of anything but you."

"I am sure the girl must be mistaken," Hatheway said slowly. "Wecksler is in love with her, and—and I would never think of trying to get ahead of him, after——"

"He is engaged to her sister that is abroad, sir," said Washington.

"How do you know that?"

"From her maid, sir."

Hatheway plunged his hands into his pockets, and drew a deep, excited breath.

"See about getting the fat actor's things to the station," he interrupted, and he rose quickly.

In the drawing-room the poet met Miss Van Strober. She was alone, and the great, cool room, with its wind-blown curtains of lace and perfume of flowers from the window-gardens, seemed a most delightful retreat.

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"So you are really going to-morrow, Mr. Hatheway," she said, her eyes downcast.

"To-morrow," he answered.

There was a pause for a moment. Then Miss Van Strober spoke. "You have not yet said that you would come to see me in New York, Mr. Hatheway."

"I cannot promise that," he said, avoiding her gaze.

"Why?" she demanded.

"That I cannot easily explain to you," he answered nervously.

"I know why," she said impatiently, her white brow marred by the first frown he had ever seen upon it.

He gazed at her questioningly.

"You couldn't know my reasons," he said with a forced laugh.

"You couldn't."

"But I do know. It is on account of a supersensitive, ridiculous idea of honor on your part. You are not willing to take advantage of the acquaintance formed in the way ours was. You would, in other words, do things to further you professionally that you would not do to help you socially."

"You knew about that, then!" he gasped.

"For the last three days."

"You guessed it?"

"My maid overheard your man bribing the locksmith the day you arrived, and she told me about it. I guessed the rest. It was awfully funny."

"And you could still invite me to visit you?"

"Yes,—in that suit of clothes."

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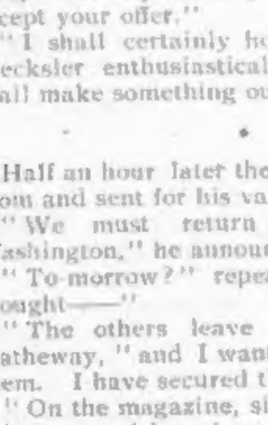

The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter X

ON A SUNDAY afternoon, early in February, Thorpe journeyed with his niece and nephew from Bern to Montreux.

The young people, with maps and a guide-book open, sat close together at the left side of the compartment. The girl from time to time rubbed the steam from the window with a napkin out of the lunch-basket. They both stared a good deal through this window, with frequent exclamations of petulance.

"Isn't it too provoking!" cried the girl, turning to her uncle at last. "This is where we are now, according to Baedeker: 'As the train proceeds, we enjoy a view of the Simmen-Thal and Freiburg mountains to the left, the Moleson being conspicuous.' And look at it! For all one can see, we might as well be at Redhill."

"It is pretty hard luck," Thorpe assented, passively glancing past her at the pale, neutral-tinted wall of mist which obscured the view. "But hang it all, it must clear up some time. Just you have patience, and you'll see some Alps yet."

"Where we're going," the young man interposed, "the head-porter told me it was always cloudier than anywhere else."

"I don't think that can be so," Thorpe reasoned languidly, from his corner. "It's a great winter resort, I'm told, and it rather stands to reason,—doesn't it?—that people wouldn't flock there as they do if it was so bad as all that."

"The kind of people we've seen traveling in Switzerland would do anything," answered the girl. "They are undauntable."

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Thorpe smiled with tolerant good humor. "Well, you can comfort yourself with the notion that you'll be coming again. The mountains'll stay here, all right," he assured her. The young people smiled back at him, and with this he rearranged his feet in a new posture on the opposite seat, lighted another cigar, and pillowed his head once more against the hard, red-plush cushion of his seat. Personally, he did not in the least resent the failure of the scenery.

For something more than three months this purposeless pleasure tour had been dragging him about from point to point, sleeping in strange beds, eating extraordinarily strange food, transacting the affairs of a sightseer among people who spoke strange languages, until he was surfeited with the unusual. It had all been extremely interesting, of course, and deeply improving, but he was getting tired of talking to nobody but waiters, and still more so of having nothing to do which he could not as well leave undone.

After a few days more of Switzerland,—for they had already gazed with blank faces at this universal curtain of mist from such different points of view as Lucerne, Interlaken and Thun,—it was clear to him that they would, as he phrased it to himself, make a break for home. Unless, indeed, something happened at Montreux. Ah, would anything happen at Montreux? For four days his mind had been automatically reverting to that question; it lurked continually in the background of his thoughts now, as he smoked and idly ruminated, on his way southward through the fog.

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All the rest of the prolonged trip had been without any specific motive, so far as he was concerned. The youngsters had planned all its routes, and halts, and details of time, and connections, and he had gone along, with cheerful placidity, to look at the things they bade him observe, and to pay the bills. Perhaps, in all things, their tastes had not been his tastes. He would have liked more of Paris, he fancied, and less of the small Dutch and North German towns which they seemed to fancy so much. Still, the beer was good,—and really their happiness, as a spectacle, had given him much satisfaction.

He liked this niece and nephew of his more than he could ever have imagined himself liking any young people. They had been shy with him at the outset, and for the first week his experiment had been darkened by the belief that, between themselves, they did not deem him quite good enough. He had been

Personally, he did not in the least resent the failure of the scenery

wise enough, then, to have it out with the girl,—she was the one to whom he felt it easiest to talk frankly,—and had discovered, to his immense relief, that they conceived him to be regarding them as incumbrances. At breakfast next morning, with tactful geniality, he set everything right, and thereafter they were all extremely happy together.

So far as he could judge, they were very superior young people, both intellectually and spiritually. The girl spoke French, and her brother German, with what seemed to him remarkable proficiency. Their young minds were the repositories of an astounding amount of information; they knew who Charles the Bold was; they pointed out to their uncle the distinctions between Gothic and Romanesque arches; they explained what was the matter with the Anabaptists; they told him that the story of the Bishop and the rats at Bingen was a baseless myth, and that probably there had never been any such man as William Tell. Nor did they get all this out of the guide-books which they pored over with such zest.

It was impossible not to see that they were perfectly familiar with large numbers of the subjects that these books discussed, and that the itinerary which they marked out had reference to desires and interests that they had cultivated for themselves.

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Julia, upon even first sight, made a much pleasanter impression than her mother's hesitating description had prepared him for. As he came to know her well, he ceased to remember that there was a question in any mind as to her being a pretty girl. There was less color in her face than he could have wished. Her smooth, pallid skin, almost waxen in texture, had a suggestion of delicate health which sometimes troubled him a little, but which appealed to the tenderness in his nature all the time. The face was unduly thin, perhaps, but this, and the wistful glance of the large gray eyes in repose, made up an effect that Thorpe found touched him a good deal. Even when she was in visibly high spirits, the look in those eyes seemed to him to be laying claim to his protection.

She could be merry upon occasion, in a gentle and tranquil way, and as her self-confidence expanded under the shelter of their growing intimacy, she disclosed to her uncle plenty of initiative and individuality; but what he felt in her most was a peculiarly sweet and girlish trustfulness, which made him like himself more than he had ever done before. He could feel that he was at his very best,—a hitherto unsuspected best,—when Julia was about. He wanted to buy for her everything in the windows upon which she bestowed the most casual approving glance. It was a delight to look at her, and to meditate upon the felicity of being able to do things for so charming a girl.

Alfred made a less direct demand upon his uncle's admiration, but he was a very good fellow all round. He was big and fair and muscular, and nothing about him but his spectacles seemed, in Thorpe's mind, to be related to his choice of art as a profession. That so robust and hearty a young fellow should wish to put paint on a canvas with small brushes was to the uncle an unaccountable thing. It was almost as if he had wanted to knit or do embroidery.

Of the idleness and impatience of discipline which his mother had seemed to allege against him Thorpe failed to detect any signs. The young man was never very late in the morning, and, besides his tireless devotion to the task of hunting up old pictures in out-of-the-way places, did most of the steward's work of the party with intelligence and precision. He studied the time-tables, audited the hotel bills, looked after the luggage, got up the street-maps of towns and the like to such good purpose that they never lost a train or a bag, or themselves. Truly, an excellent young man.

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Thorpe noted with special satisfaction his fine, kindly, big-brother attitude toward his sister Julia, and it was impossible for him to avoid the conviction that Louisa was a simpleton not to appreciate such children. They did not often allude to their mother; when they did, it was in language the terms of which seemed more affectionate than the tone, and Thorpe said often to himself that he did not blame them. It was not so much that they had outgrown their mother's point of view. They had never occupied it.

The journey, so far as Thorpe comprehended its character, had been shaped with about equal regard for Julia's interest in the romance of history and Alfred's more technical and practical interest in art. Each had sufficient sympathy with the tastes of the other, however, to prevent any tendency to separation.

They took their uncle one day to see where William the Silent was assassinated, and the next to observe how Rembrandt's theory of guild portrait painting differed from Van der Helst's, with a common enthusiasm. He scrutinized with patient loyalty everything that they indicated to him, and not infrequently they appeared to like very much the comments he offered. These were chiefly of a sprightly nature, and when Julia laughed over them he felt that she was very near to him, indeed.

Thus they saw Paris together,—where Thorpe did relinquish some of the multiplied glories of the Louvre to sit in front of a café by the opera house and see the funny people go past,—and thence, by Bruges and Antwerp, to Holland, where nobody could have imagined there were as many pictures as Thorpe saw with his own weary eyes. There were wonderful old buildings at Lubeck for Julia's eyes to glisten over, and pictures at Berlin, Dresden and Dusseldorf for Alfred.

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The assumption existed that the excursion into the Thuringenwald to see the memorials of Luther was specially for the uncle's benefit, and he tried solicitously to say or look nothing which might invalidate it. There were other places in Germany, from Mainz to Munich, which he remembered best by their different beers. They spent Christmas at Vienna, where Julia had heard that its observance was peculiarly insisted upon, and then they saw the Tyrol in its heaviest vesture of winter snows, and beautiful old Basle,

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

where Alfred was crazier about Holbein than he had been at Munich over Brouwer.

Thorpe looked carefully at the paintings of both men, and felt strengthened in his hopes that when Alfred got older he would see that this picture business was useless.

It was at Basle that Thorpe received a letter from London which directly altered the plans of the party. He had had several other letters from London which had produced no such effect. Through Semple, he had followed in outline the unobtrusive campaign to secure a special settlement, and had learned that the Stock Exchange Committee, apparently without opposition, had granted one for the first week in February.

Even this news, tremendously important as it was, did not prompt Thorpe to interfere with the children's projects. There was no longer any point in remaining away from London; there were, indeed, numerous reasons for a prompt return. But he was loth to deprive the youngsters of that descent into smiling, sun-lit Italy upon which they had so fondly dwelt in fancy, and, after all, Semple could do all that was needful at present.

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So they went to Basle, and here it was that another kind of letter came. It was in a strange hand, at once cramped and fluttering, which puzzled the recipient a good deal; it was a long time before even the signature unraveled itself. Then he forced himself to decipher it, sentence by sentence, with a fierce avidity. It was from General Kervick.

The next morning Thorpe astonished his young companions by suggesting an alteration in their route. In a roundabout and tentative fashion,—in which more suspicious observers must have detected something shamefaced,—he mentioned that he had always heard a great deal about Montreux as a winter resort. The fact that he called it "Montroox" raised in Julia's mind a fleeting wonder from whom it could be that he had heard so much about it, but it occurred to neither her nor her brother to question his entire good faith in the matter.

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Their uncle had displayed hitherto a comforting freedom from discrimination among European towns; he had assured them that they were all one to him. That he should suddenly turn up now with a favorite winter resort of his own selection surprised them considerably, but, upon reflection, it also pleased them. He had humored all their wishes with such unfailing and bountiful kindness, that it was a delight to learn that there was something he wanted to do. They could not finish their breakfast till the guide-book had been brought to the table.

"*Oh! how splendid!*" Julia had cried then. "The Castle of Chillon is there!"

"Why, of course!" said Thorpe complacently.

They laughed gayly at him for pretending that he had known this, and he as good-humoredly accepted their banter. He drew a serious, long breath of relief, however, when their backs were turned. It had gone off much better than he had feared.

Now, on this Sunday afternoon, as the train made its sure-footed way across the mountains, the thought that he was actually to alight at Montreux at once fascinated and depressed him. He was annoyed with himself for suffering it to get such a hold upon his mind. What was there in it, anyway? There was a big hotel there, and he and his youngsters were to stop at it, and if he accidentally encountered a certain lady who was also stopping there,—and, of course, the meeting would bear upon its face the stamp of pure chance,—what of it?

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And if he did meet her, thus fortuitously, what would happen then? No doubt a lady of her social position met abroad great numbers of people that she had met at home. It would not in any way surprise her,—this chance encounter of which he thought so much. Were there sufficient grounds for imagining that it would even interest her? He forced his mind up to this question, as it were, many times, and invariably it shied and evaded the leap.

There had been times, at Hadlow House, when Lady Cressage had seemed supremely indifferent to the fact of his existence, and there had been other times when it had appeared manifest that he pleased her,—or better, perhaps, that she was willing to take note of how much she pleased him. It must have been apparent to her,—this fact that she produced such an impression upon him.

He reasoned this out satisfactorily to himself. These beautiful women, trained from childhood for the conquest of a rich husband, must have cultivated a most extraordinary delicacy of consciousness in such matters. They must have developed for themselves what might be called a sixth sense,—a power of feeling in the air what the men about were thinking of them. More than once he had caught a glimmer of what he felt to be the operation of this sense in the company of Lady Cressage. He could not say that it had been discernible in her glance or her voice or her manner precisely, but he was sure that he had seen it, somehow.

—one day to see where William the Silent was assassinated, and the next to observe how Rembrandt's theory of guild portrait painting differed from Van der Helst's, with a common enthusiasm

But even assuming all this,—admitting that in October, on a wet Sunday, in the tedium of a small country-house party, she had shown some momentary satisfaction in the idea that he was profoundly impressed by her,—did it at all follow that, in February, amid the distractions of a fashionable winter resort, and probably surrounded by hosts of friends, she would pay any attention to him whatever? The abject fear that she might not even remember him,—might not know him from Adam when he stood before her,—skulked about in the labyrinths of his mind, but he drove it back whenever it showed itself. That would be too ignominious.

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The young people at the other side of the compartment, forever wiping the window with the napkin, and straining their eyes to see the invisible, diverted his unsettled attention. A new perception of how much he liked them and enjoyed having them with him took hold of his thoughts. It had not occurred to him before, with any definiteness, that he would be insupportably lonely when the time came to part with them. Now, when he dwelt upon it, it made him feel sad and old. He said to himself at once, with decision, that there need be no parting at all. He would take a house without delay, and they should live with him. He could not doubt that this would be agreeable to them, and it would readily solve every problem for him.

His fancy sketched out the natural and legitimate extensions of this project. There would be, first of all, a house in town,—a furnished house of a modest sort, having no pretension save to provide a cheerful temporary shelter for three people who liked one another. Here the new household would take shape, and get its right note of character.

Apparently, Louisa would not be urged to form part of this household. He said to himself with frankness that he didn't want her, and there had been nothing to indicate that her children would pine for her.

She showed good sense when she said her place was in the shop, and in her ancestral home over the shop. No doubt there would be a certain awkwardness, visible to others if not to themselves, about her living in one part of London and her children in another. But here also her good sense would come in; and, besides, this furnished house in town would be a mere brief overture to the real thing,—the noble country mansion he was going to have, with gardens, and horses, and hounds, and artificial lakes, and deer parks, and everything. Quite within the year he would be able to realize his dreams.

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How these nice young people would revel in such a place, and how they would worship him for having given it to them for a home! His heart warmed within him as he thought of this. He smiled affectionately at the picture Julia made, polishing the glass with vehement circular movements of her slight arm, and then grimacing in comic vexation at the deadly absence of landscape outside. Was there ever a sweeter or more lovable girl in this world? Would there have to be some older woman to manage the house at the beginning? he wondered.

He should like it immensely if that could be avoided. Julia looked fragile and inexperienced, but she would be twenty-one next month. Surely that was a mature enough age for the slight responsibility of presiding over servants, who should be the best that money could buy. Many girls were married, and given households of their own to manage, when they were even younger than she.

This reflection raised an obstacle against the smooth-flowing current of his thoughts. Supposing that Julia got the notion of marrying; how miserable that would make every thing! Very likely she would never do any such thing; he had observed in her no shadow of a sign that a thought of matrimony had ever crossed her brain. Yet that was a subject upon which, of course, she could not be asked to give pledges, even to herself.

Thorpe tried to take a liberal view of this matter. He argued to himself that there would be no objection at all to incorporating Julia's husband into the household, assuming that she went to the length of taking one, and that he was a good fellow. On this latter point, it was only the barest justice to Julia's tastes and judgment to take it for granted that he would be a good fellow. Yet the uncle felt uneasily that this would alter things for the worse. The family party, with that hypothetical young man in it, could never be quite so innocently and completely happy as,—for instance,—it had been during these wonderful three months.

Mechanically he rubbed the window beside him, and turned to look out with a certain fixedness, as if he might chance to catch a glimpse of the bridegroom with whom Julia would have it in her power to disturb the serenity of their prospective home.

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A steep, white cliff, receding sullenly against the dim, gray sky-line; a farmhouse grotesquely low for its size, crouching under big, shelving galleries heaped with snow; an opening in front, to the right, where vaguely there seemed to be a valley into which they would descend,—he saw these things. They remained in his mind afterward as a part of something else that he saw, with his mental vision, at the same moment,—a strikingly real and vivid presentment of Lady Cressage, attired as he had seen her in the saddle, her light hair blown about a little under her hat, a spot of color in the exquisite cheek, the cold, impersonal dignity of a Queen in the beautiful profile.

The picture was so actual for the instant that he uttered an involuntary exclamation, and then looked hastily round to see whether his companions had heard it. Seemingly they had not; he lolled again upon the comfortable cushion, and strove to conjure up once more the apparition. Nothing satisfactory came of the effort. Upon consideration, he grew uncertain as to whether he had seen anything at all. At the most, it was a kind of half-dream which had visited him. He yawned at the thought, and lighted a fresh cigar. All at once, his mind had become too indolent to do any more thinking. A shapeless impression that there would be a good many things to think over later on flitted in and out of his brain.

—Thorpe did relinquish some of the multiplied glories of the Louvre to sit in front of a café by the opera house and see the funny people go past

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"Well, how are the mountains using you now?" he called out to his niece.

"Oh, I could shake them!" she declared. "Listen to this: 'A view of singular beauty, embracing the greater part of the Lake of Geneva and the surrounding mountains, is suddenly disclosed.' That's where we are now,—or were a minute ago. You can see that there is some sort of valley in front of us, but that is all. If I could only see one mountain with snow on it——"

"Why, it's all mountains and all snow when you come to that," Thorpe insisted with jocose perversity. "You're on mountains yourself, all the time."

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"You know what I mean," she retorted. "I want to see something like the colored pictures in the hotels."

"Oh, probably it will be bright sunlight to-morrow," he said, for perhaps the twentieth time that day.

"There, that looks like water!" said Alfred. "See! Just beyond the village. Yes, it is water. There's your Lake of Geneva, at all events."

"But it isn't the right color," protested Julia, peering through the glass. "It's precisely like everything else: it's of no color at all. And they always paint it such a lovely blue! Really, uncle, the Swiss Government ought to return you your money."

"You wait till you see it to-morrow,—or next day," said the uncle vaguely. He closed his eyes, and welcomed a drowsy mood. As he went off to sleep, the jolting racket of the train mellowed itself into a murmur of "to-morrow or next day,—to-morrow or next day," in his ears.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar
Pictures by Henry Hutt

SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER

IN THE new experiences opened up to her, Louise met with two most potent influences in the shaping of a woman's life,—contact with the stern realities, and the touch of the maternal instinct through the love of a little child.

Among the women whom Mrs. Strangemore befriended in her Home was one who brought with her a toddling baby, whose lovely face, beguiling ways and sunny temperament carried light and sweetness into the life of the girl, who had hitherto left unrecognized within her the humanizing mother-love which can be awakened only by the touch of a child. Children had never entered her life before.

This baby, Nellie, a rare blossom such as is sometimes found growing in the slums, twined herself about the hard places in Louise's nature, until, with the effect of the sun on an icicle, this new form of love added to her cumulating store of knowledge and melted the sharp points of her prejudices. Hers was not the nature to work with sympathy or enthusiasm among numbers of people. She could only feel near to particular human beings, but she found that the sad lives she studied and tried to help reflected her best intentions, adding unconsciously their own tragedies to her changing conception of life.

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In a few months it was proved to her that all life is not found in books, neither is real culture inevitably the result of education in recorded facts. Although Mrs. Strangemore gave little time to social intercourse, her gracious presence, like a magnet, drew people. Among her friends was a well-known character in Chicago, a young preacher to a fashionable congregation; a man of arrogant egotism condoned by a handsome, magnetic presence, strong, persuasive lingual powers, and underneath this sensational exterior a certain child-like humility concerning the vital questions, in which, unknown to himself, lay his power over multitudes. Louise met this Mr. Herbert Clarendon frequently at Mrs. Strangemore's house. She attracted his attention at first by her calm indifference to his personality, which was so habitually worshiped by her sex that an easy acceptance of him for what he was actually worth at first shocked his vanity, then claimed his eager interest.

A toddling baby

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During those spring days he found many opportunities for piquing his egotism and interest in her society. She looked upon him simply as one of the phases of her new life; she studied him as another type of man with which to compare Doctor Layton, and to her supreme satisfaction the latter bore the comparison bravely, partly owing to the idealized image of him she carried about with her, but largely owing to the fact that the real Layton, the man whom "only God and his true love knew," was the finer, braver, truer man of the two.

Mr. Everett wrote occasionally, but when he mentioned his nephew it was only to say that he was well and as busy as usual. Louise was afraid every time she touched her pen that the desire to write Layton would overcome her.

She wrote as little as possible for that reason, and because her sight was growing daily more dim. She felt the darkness closing down upon her, but Layton's face was the one bright, clear object ever before her gaze.

Mr. Clarendon had never before been treated as an object for psychological dissection; that she looked upon him as such never once occurred to him.

Her interest in him as a phase he naturally mistook for interest in him as a man.

By summer time this interest had become a necessity to his happiness, and he made no point of concealing it. But Louise moved unconsciously on in her own world, unmindful of him, until she found herself worn out with the emotional strain she had undergone, combined with the enervating heat of an inland summer.

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In August she went to Shannock for a visit with Uncle Billy, and after a week there she and Mr. Everett drove down for a visit at the beach. Louise did not ask about Doctor Layton; it was not necessary to do so, because he gave her all the news he had, that Everett was, as usual, working hard; he had been down only once since Christmas.

Mr. Everett confessed himself surprised at the softened, cheerful look in the girl's face when she first arrived. The recollections of her father induced by Mr. Everett's presence, and the renewal of the life at Weecapaug without him, opened afresh the wounds Louise had been bandaging in Chicago. But she had learned a broader philosophy, and with it came a power of endurance and a content new to her. For the sake of Uncle Billy and Ol she would not permit herself to grieve openly. Weecapaug was not so attractive to her at this time of year, with the cottagers occupying Gull Rocks, which she had grown to look upon as her special possession.

But Ol took her off up the pond and out to sea, away from the disturbing elements. Then, too, the summer effects of seascape and landscape were insignificant compared with the autumn effects she had marveled at and loved, and,—Doctor Layton was not there. The first day she went out to sea with Ol they fished off the Ledge. As she let out the trolling line after they crossed the bar, Louise exclaimed: "Ol, you don't know how glad I am to get back to you and Weecapaug. I never breathe the same in a great city as I do here." She filled her lungs with the salt air, and leaned over the side of the boat to dabble her hand in the water.

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"Be on yure guard there, gurl. Don't lean too fur over; we don't want no more accidents. I should think you'd jus' hate them cities. The air's foul as pisen ivy be to the touch. If you feel that way, why don't you come here, an' live away from all them noises an' murders an' stealin's an' things? It's as much's a man's life's wurth to walk's fur's a fathom'd be in New York. Doc took me round one day, an' says I by evenin', 'By Gul, Doc, I've had enough! I'll lose my mind a-lookin'. I'll take the furst train hum', but we went to a the-ay-tre the same night, an', by Gul! I never did see such heat. 'Twere 'nough to roast clams in. It took a-holt o' my feet so's I had to take off my shoes an' rest 'em fur a while,—couldn't stan' it nohow."

"Ol, do you mean to say that you took off your shoes right there in the theatre?"

"I cal'late I did—just! I were wearin' them red socks Mrs. Clark knits fur all her boys, an' my feet looked jus' similar to two briled lobsters, an' folks looked mighty hard at 'em, but I wa'n't carin' nothin' 'bout 'em,—'twa'n't none o' their bizness, an' comfort's the furst thing more'n style, to my way o' thinkin'."

"What did Doctor Layton do?" asked Louise, trying not to laugh for fear of offending him.

"Do? He didn't do nothin' but laugh an' say: 'Enjoy yureself, Ol, while you're about it. It's better to lead fashings than to foller after 'em,' or somethin' similar to that. Don't it hurt yure feet to walk on them stones an' bricks? It callouses mine all up, jus' like haulin' lobster pots does my fabs."

"Your what?"

"Fabs,—them,"—spreading out one hand from under the oar. "Don't it tucker you all out to walk on em, gurl?"

"No; it does not tucker me, because I am used to the city streets. Your feet wouldn't mind the stones after a while."

"It's doubtful," he replied. "Haul him in, gurl; you've got a shiny mack'rel or something on yure line. I see him kickin'." She hauled in a mackerel too small for any use but that of bait. Ol cut it up with a pocket-knife he always carried, and she let out her line again, saying as she did so: "Have you seen Doctor Layton lately, Ol?"

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"No, I ain't seen him, but Melissy's brother were up to New York las' week to see Doc 'bout his eyes, they wus doin' so porely, an' he says Doc looks like a sick man. I 'lowed I'd go to New York myself an' find out, if he don't show up here shortly."

Louise dropped the hand holding her line as she asked quickly: "Do you mean that he is really ill?"

"No, not 'zactly; Jake says 's he ain't sick bad, but jus' low in his mind, an' 's thin's a rail fur him. I al'ays 'lowed we needn't carry much ballast if Doc he were 'long in the boat, but Jake he says he be lookin' real peaked."

"Why don't you go up and see how he is, Ol?" asked Louise.

"I 'lowed you folks'd know if there were much the matter. There ain't no occasion fur fluster 'bout him, be there?"

"No, not that I know of; but I do not hear from him myself, and Uncle Billy has heard nothing for some time."

"Ge! I cal'late I'll have to go. Don't you never write him any word, gurl? I'll bet you ain't usin' him square."

Louise made no reply. He watched her attentively a few moments, then said: "I'm goin' to New York to-morrow, if I'm alive, and if Doc ain't all right I'll carry him back 'long o' me."

"He will not come back with you, Oliver, if you tell him I am here," replied Louise, turning her back to him as nearly as possible, sitting, as she was, facing him.

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"Why not? Ain't you friends any more?"

"Oh, yes. We shall always be friends. I can't explain, Ol; but if you go, tell him I am very well, and happy in my work; that my eyes are worse, but that I am waiting patiently."

"Land sakes! Seem's though you might write that on paper an' send it by post 's well's by me. Course I'm willin' to do anything fur you, gurl, but it seems kind a onsensible to carry all them words (I'd like's not forget) when there's paper an' pencil to hand."

"No, I can't write yet, Ol, you tell him that for me, and then tell me how he is, Ol,—I want to know exactly how he is, Ol,—and, Ol, if he is sick, stay with him, won't you? He'd be so lonely in that house by himself."

"I ain't much on nursin', but I'd do my best fur Doc al'ays. I'll let you know 'bout him day after to-morrow night,—if I'm alive an' he don't keep me cruisin' round 'long o' him." After a moment of silent speculation he remarked: "Women folks has kind o' streaked nachers, that's sure."

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Ol did not appear again until the third day after this talk with Louise, then he came walking down the post-road from Shannock, exceedingly uncomfortable in his best clothes and white shirt, owing to the heat of the July sun and his native dislike of the attire. Melissa's house was apparently deserted when he stepped on to the porch and opened the dining-room door.

"Be you all dead?" he called.

Melissa's voice replied from upstairs: "No, I ain't buried's I know of. Be that you, Ol Peckham? The folks ain't here. He's gone to Shannock, an' she's out somewhere, settin' on the beach, I cal'late, 'long o' them other fool city folks, starin' at the breakers's though they'd git away if they didn't look hard at 'em. Where you been?"

She was now standing on the porch beside him. "Cal'late I'll set down an' rest my bones. I'm all sweaty from walkin' over from Shannock," replied Ol, deliberately taking a seat on the edge of the porch floor. "Ain't it hot? Phew! This weather must

"HAUL HIM IN, GURL,—
I SEE HIM KICKIN'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story was begun in the issue of the POST for November 12, 1898.

'a' been made in the place where you're headin' fur, Melissy."

"Oh, shucks!" she replied. "Men folks be al'ays gruntin', same's pigs. Nothin' ever suits 'em. It's al'ays too hot, or too cold, or too somethin' fur 'em. I asked you where you'd been to. Wa'n't they anybody to give you a lift a-comin' 'long?"

"Narry a soul but Mose Tanner from over Messapotam way, an' his old plug ain't as fit to carry me's, I be to carry him. How much do you want to know where I've been to? This shade's consid'ble better'n New York. I 'lowed's I lef' New York it mus' be the place you're goin' to, Melissy,—'twere that hot."

"New York! You ain't been way off there! I want to know! When'd you go? What took you there?" Melissa's voice lost its grumpy tone, and curiosity stuck out all over her face.

"What'd you s'pose I went fur? A new silk dress or a bunnet, or a parsol to keep the sun off o' my hide? I went fur to see my friend, Dr. Everett Layton. Do you know the gentleman?"

"Doctor Layton? Ain't he ever comin' down here no more? He ain't sick nor nothin', be he? Say, Ol, I 'lowed las' fall he were keepin' company along o' her. Ain't they goin' to hitch? She's kind o' nicer'n she were las' time,—sort o' lamblike, jus' 's folkses be when they's mutchin', an' I 'lowed we's goin' to have a weddin' in the family, but he ain't been down. Mebbe it's another feller. Mebbe you're keepin' company 'long o' her yureself," and Melissa smiled.

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Ol laid down his hat, looked straight at Melissa, and replied: "Melissy Stillman, you don't want to never speak them las' words again. Do you hear what I'm sayin' to you? When folks has thoughts they hadn't ought to have, they'd bes' keep 'em to theirselves or there might be trouble. Mind what I say."

Melissa looked frightened. That tone from Ol was rare and effective. "I wa'n't meanin' nothin' bad,—I were jokin', Ol."

"Well, you take my warnin' an' find some other kind o' jokes. If women folks had been born without no tongues, they'd 'a' been o' more use in the wurrld. Their tongues is mostly far worse'n their thoughts be," Ol replied; then, as if anxious to change the subject, he continued: "Melissy, you'd ought to 'a' seen a gurl lookin' at me on the cars. A feller I knows in Shannock were settin' 'longside o' me facin' two gurls. Them gurls stared at me till we's laughin' at 'em hard. He says, 'Give'm the wink, Ol,' but I jus' looked the other way 'till I couldn't stan' it no longer, an' I looked straight at one o' 'em an' winks one eye. She didn't pay no 'tention, but kep' on starin', so I jus' winks the other eye an' laughs, then she turned's red's a turkey's beard an' says to her mate: 'I'd thank him to stop winkin'; I'll take a man o' my own color,—don't want no injuns or niggers!' I were so black, Melissy, she 'lowed my hide were born that way. We laughed fit to kill."

"She hadn't ought to said that," replied Melissa indignantly. "She ain't got no better lookin' or nicer feller'n you be."

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"How do you know what kind she's got?"

"Don't. But I know 'nough to know they ain't made any better lookin' 'n you be." The smile came back.

"Land sakes, Melissy! What's took you? What do you want me to do fur you?" asked Ol, again fanning himself with his hat.

"Say, Ol," began Melissa hesitatingly; "say, you ain't forgot the offer I made you? It'll still hold good. You're gettin' 'long in years, so be I, an' if we don't hitch soon we'll be too old fur comfort. Ain't you changed yure mind 'bout it? You'd take more comfort here'n my house'n down at that camp. Say, now, wouldn't you? You mus' be lonesome there."

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"Melissy," he replied slowly, "I've heerd tell as folkses' brains be made o' wheels as grinds out what they be thinkin' 'bout. It seems like yure wheels has turned round, goin' the other way, an' ain't actin' right nohow. I guess they stuck at marryin', an' can't move either way without greasin'. Now, I'll say it to you fur the las' time,—I ain't got no intentions o' marryin' now or never, marryin' an' me ain't partners, but I am liable to be right here fur a hundred years or so, an' when you call on me fur anything I can do fur you I'm al'ays willin' to do it. I see gurl walkin' up the east road. I'll be tadpolin' along. I've got some words fur her." And Ol went slowly down the road.

Melissa had evidently made him uncomfortable, but she seemed in nowise disconcerted by what Ol said, although a vacant look of regret came over her face as she sat watching him go down the road to the bridge. Louise knew him by his walk before she could see his face, and her impulse was to run to meet him. She controlled this, but perceptibly hastened her speed, calling out to him as they approached each other: "Ol, is it you? Did you really go to New York?"

"Now, gurl, where do you cal'late I've been in them clothes this weather? How be you? Been well since I started on my travels?"

"Yes, I'm all right, thank you. Did you see him,—Doctor Layton? Is he really ill?" she asked, trying to hide her impatience.

"Yes, I seen him, after waitin' half a day fur them patients to git done."

"Then he was well enough to attend his office hours?"

"He's al'ays well enough to work, 'cordin' to him. It's only other folkses is ever sick 'nough to lay a-bed. Come 'long an' see if there ain't some shade to be got by the bridge, an' Ol'll tell you all about things."

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As they walked along he continued: "Doc ain't what I'd call real sick, but I'm thinkin' he be porely, though he laughed at me fur sayin' so. You see, gurl, there's jus' one pint on which me an' Doc splits,—that's drinkin'." Louise looked at him in alarm, a flood of distressing apprehensions sweeping over her at the thought of what Ol might mean. He had hesitated. She commanded, "Go on."

"Yes, gurl,—it's drinkin' me an' him splits on,—not's he ever were drunk to my knowin', an' if he says he weren't he weren't, but strong's he be that pisened stuff'll harm him,—that stuff he calls cocktails,—an' I see him once drink down nearly half a glass o' whiskey straight before he cut out something or other from a man. He tole me yistaday as how he hadn't drank a drop o' the stuff since las' Christmas, an' he 'lowed goin' without so sudden like were wastin' him some, 'cause he works jus' the same an' don't have no bracer, 's he calls them drinks. I were so glad to hear he'd come round to my way o' thinkin' I didn't mind so much his lookin' 's peaked's he be. He 'lowed he were too much worked to come down now, but he cal'lated to come down a long spell next summer. He says: 'Tell her that, an' I hope she'll be there, too, an' I'm almost ready.' Doc al'ays do use queer landguage. Can you make them las' words out? I can't."

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"Yes," said Louise, "I think I know what he means. Thank you, Ol. I am glad to know he is not ill."

"But you ain't glad 'nough to go an' see him yureself or write him a line or tell him to come down here! He'd come if you'd say the word."

"No, Oliver, I cannot do any of those things. Someday, perhaps, I will tell you why. I want to see Doctor Layton more than you want me to, but I cannot until next Christmas."

"Land sakes! Wait till Christmas to see a man you wants to see, when he ain't fur off! Guess you don't want very hard."

"Yes I do, Ol."

"Cal'late Doc'd be pleased to hear you say it." She made no reply, and the subject having met a barrier neither one returned to it, but presently Oliver remarked: "Gurl, I wish I'd been learnt somethin' when I were a kid. It mus' be nice to know things's you an' Doc does. I ain't never thought about it till o' late, an' I wish I'd took the schoolin' I might 'a' took at the old schoolhouse."

—arrogant egotism condoned by a handsome magnetic presence

This was a new phase of Ol's mind; Louise hardly knew how to meet it. "I wouldn't have you different in any way, Ol. Anybody can learn things out of books, but nobody can be just like you. You are like the sand dunes,—a picturesque part of Weecapaug."

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"I don't want to be like no sand hill, an' I ain't no picter. I'd ought to learnt things when I were a kid,—it's too late now."

"Oh, no, Ol,—what do you want to learn?"

"Oh, things. How to talk, an' about the stars an' furrin tongues, an' how to make picters the way the woman on the beach makes 'em, an' how to sing, an' all them things folks knows."

The thought of Ol as a painter or a singer was amusing, but the pathos of his longing induced her to reply gravely. "Why, Ol, nobody can do all of those things. One person paints, one sings, one writes and one fishes, but not many of them know their business as well as you do yours. What ever started you to thinking about that?"

"Well—I—kind o' thought—you liked folks to know all them things, gurl," he said hesitatingly, then suddenly, for him, he called out to a teamster approaching: "Say, there, John! Got a match? I want to light up Mary Ann. She's gettin' sorter lonesome."

He got up and walked to the team, where the man furnished a match and held him in conversation. Louise had looked at him in some astonishment when he made that reply, but his sudden change of tone disarmed her fears and she thought, "It is a great pity he never went to school, but I would not have him different for anything." When he returned to her, he began to tell about the girl he had winked at on the train.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BOOKS AT BARRACABOO

Why Mr. Potts was Received with Open Arms

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY *With Drawings by* C. D. WILLIAMS

Part One

THEY were all very sore at Barracaboo Station. From manager to horse-boy, from jackaroo to boundary-rider, they felt aggrieved and vengeful. First it had been Around the World by Sea and Land, copiously illustrated, and in monthly parts. This was dull,—unutterably dull,—and each installment turned out duller and heavier than the last. Also, the pictures resembled those on the specimen sheets as nearly as a mule resembles a grindstone.

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After this came Diseases of All Known Domestic Animals, with gorgeously colored pictures. As nothing could be found in the whole work relating to horses or cattle or dogs, except the illustrations, this was also voted a fraud. However, they cut out the plates, and stuck them up on the walls of the huts and cottages, so that it was not clear loss altogether.

But the last straw was The Universal Biography of Eminent Men,—Dead and Alive,—with splendid portraits. When they discovered that the notices they had been led to expect of their own Boss, "Hungry" Parkes, of Humpalong, the Mayor of Atlanta, etc., etc., were absent, and their places filled by paragraphs and wood-cuts relating to Nelson, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Scipio Africanus, and such like characters, they one and all refused to pay on delivery. Then they were hauled to Quarter Sessions, confronted with their signatures, and made to pay.

In vain they swore that the thing had never been ordered; that it wasn't up to specifications; that their handwriting was a palpable forgery. In vain they related how they had never touched it, but had left their copies lying on verandas, stockyard posts, in mud, in dust,—wherever, in fact, the agent had chanced to bail them up. All in vain; they had to pay,—costs and all.

Therefore was it that Barracaboo had forsworn literature by sample, or in uncertain installments, and vowed vengeance upon all men with indelible pencils, and printed agreements with a space left for signature.

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"If you see one of 'em at the station," said the manager, a rough, tough old customer, and disappointed at being ousted by Julius Cæsar, "set the dogs on him. I'll pay damages. If he don't take that hint, touch him up with stock whips. It'll only be justifiable homicide at the worst. I know the law; an' I don't mind a fiver in such a case as that!"

"Let us only get a chance at one of 'em, sorr," said the sheep-overseer fiercely, "an' we'll learn 'em betther manners."

This state of affairs was pretty well known at Atlanta, the neighboring township; and book-agents, all warned, generally gave Barracaboo a wide berth. Once, certainly, a new hand at the game, and one who fancied himself too much to bother about collecting local information, came boldly into the station yard just as the bell was ringing for dinner, and produced the advance sheets of a sweet and lively work, entitled, Hermits, Ancient and Modern: Illustrated with Forty-seven Choice Engravings.

He had got to "Now, gentlemen," when, hearing the howl of execration that went up, he suddenly took in the situation and started back to Atlanta, pursued for half the distance with thunderous whip-crackings by the sheep-overseer and the butcher, who were the only two who happened to have horses handy.

Chancing to have a capital mount, he distanced them and galloped into town, and up the main street, reins on his horse's neck, and trousers over his knees, half dead with fright, only to be promptly summoned and heavily fined for furious riding within the municipality.

For weeks afterward sheets of Hermits strewed the cleared line, and he received a merciless chaffing from his fellow-agents, who could have warned him what to expect had he confided his destination to them.

About this time came to Atlanta a small, cute-looking, clean-shaven, elderly man. He was unknown to any present, but modestly admitted that he was in the book trade, and had a consignment with him. And he listened with interest to the conversation in the "Commercial Room."

"The district's petered out," remarked a tall American gentleman, with the goatee and nasal voice abhorred of Barracaboo. "Clean petered out since that last Universal Biography business. They're kickin' everywhere. Darned if a feller didn't draw a bead on me yesterday afore I'd time almost to explain business. Then he got so mad that I left, not wantin' to become a lead mine,—just yet."

"Been here a week and haven't cleared exes.," said another very mournfully. "Off to-morrow for fresh fields. No use trying to work such a desert as this now."

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"Big place, this station with the funny name, you're talkin' about?" asked the newcomer, who had introduced himself as "Mr. Potts, from London."

"Over a hundred men of one sort or another all the year round," was the reply. "Capital shop for us, once, too. But it's sudden death to venture there now. I did real good biz at Barracaboo for the Shuffle Litho. Company. It wouldn't pay, though, to chance back again."

"Ah, that was the Around the World thing, wasn't it? Didn't come up to guarantee, eh?"

"Well, hardly," replied the other. "However, that wasn't my fault, you know. All I had to do was to get the orders, which I did to the tune of a couple of hundred or thereabout."

"That's the worst of those things," said Mr. Potts. "Installments always make a mess of it. Then the agent loses his character, if nothing else. I was out delivering in the Western District for Shuffle Litho., and was glad to get away by the skin of my teeth. But it's not only the personal danger I object to," continued Mr. Potts, after a pause. "It is the—ahem—the moral degradation involved in such a pursuit,—you know what I mean, sir?"

"Just so, just so," answered the other vaguely, with a hard stare at the round, red face looming through cigar smoke.

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"That's what made me throw the line up," went on Mr. Potts, "more than anything else. The money's not clean, sir! I'd rather carry about a ton of print, and risk selling for cash at a fractional advance upon cost price."

"That's all right," replied his companion with a grin. "Only take my advice, and don't trouble Barracaboo with your ton of print, or you'll be very apt to leave it there. They won't give you time to open your mouth. Ask The Hermit, if you don't believe me."

For a whole day Mr. Potts drove around and about with a selection from his stock.

But he never was allowed even a chance to exhibit a sample. Farmers, selectors, squatters, townsfolk, had all apparently quite made up their minds.

Times out of number he was threatened with personal violence. Once sticks were thrown at him; and once an old copy of the

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, Books at Barracaboo, is taken from Steve Brown's Bunyip, a collection of stories by John Arthur Barry. Published by John MacQueen.

Biography was hurled into the buggy, while cattle-dogs were heeling his horses. Clearly it was useless to persist. The district was fairly demoralized; and, with a sigh, Mr. Potts drove home to receive the "What did I tell you's" of the other "gents."

But he was a resourceful man, was Mr. Potts, and he determined, before leaving the district forever, to have one more attempt under conditions which should, at all events, give him an opportunity of displaying a specimen of his goods. Besides, he thirsted for vengeance on the community, and knew that if he could but get an opening it was his,—full and complete,—beyond a doubt.

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"No objection to my camping here to-night, I s'pose?" asked a rather forlorn-looking traveler of the cook at Barracaboo, shortly after the events related above.

"Chop that heap o' wood up, an' you gets your supper an' breakfus'," said the cook laconically.

The traveler worked hard for an hour, and finished his task, handling the ax as if born to it, and provoking the cook's admiration to such an extent that he went one better than his promise, and proffered a pint of tea and a lump of "brownie."

Presently, lighting his pipe and undoing his parcel, the newcomer, remarking that there was nothing like a read for passing the time away, took out a gorgeously bound

volume, sat down at the table, and was soon so interested that he let his pipe go out. Save for the cook, the long kitchen was empty, all the men being away on the run.

For a time, busy with a batch of bread, the former took no notice of the stranger. Then, his work done, he came and looked over his shoulder at the book, saying, "What you got there, mate?"

"Finest thing ever you read," said the other, carelessly turning over some vivid pictures. "The Life and Adventures of Dick Turpin, Claude Duval, and Other Eminent Outlaws. Something like a book, this is," he continued. "Six hundred pages full of love and murder; and that excitin' you can't bear to put it down!"

This was charming; and the cook, the butcher, and a couple of boundary riders, who had dropped in for a yarn, became inquisitive, and anxious to have a look.

"See here," said the owner of the wonderful volume, pointing to an outrageous effort in colored process, "this is the bold Dick Turpin on his wonderful mare, Black Bess, taking the ten-foot gate on the road to York. See, he's got the reins in his teeth and a pistol in each hand."

"By gum, she's a flyer!" "See the long-necked spurs." "No knee-pads to the saddle, either!" "Ten foot! There ain't a horse in Hostralia as could do it!" exclaimed his audience, becoming excited.

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"And here you have," went on the traveler, "the gentle highwayman, Claude Duval, stickin' up the Duke of York's coach on 'Oundslow 'Eath. And here he is again, dancing under the moon with the Duchess." And so he continued, setting forth in tempting sequence the glories of the work, pausing at intervals to read aloud thrilling bits, and comment upon them.

"Where did you get it, mate?" at length asked the cook.

"Bought it in Atlanta," replied the other. "Fellow there's got lots of 'em, and only thirty shillings apiece. Cheap at double the price, I reckon, considerin' the amount of readin' in it,—to say nothing of the pictures."

"Ain't no deliv'rin' numbers, or signin' 'greements, or any o' that game?" asked one suspiciously. "'Cause if there is, we're full and don't want any."

"No," was the reply; "you pays your money and you takes your bargain. But I don't think you fellows'll ever get the chance. I heard him say he'd as soon face a mad bull as come to this Station."

The men, of whom the hut was now full, laughed; and said one:

"The chap as sells, out an' out, an honest article like that un needn't be scared. It's them fellers as gets you to sign things, and keeps sendin' a lot o' trash, not a bit like what you seen first; an' then comes, as brassy as you please, summonsin' of you an' a-gettin' of you bullyragged in Court,—them's the chaps as we've got a derry on. Let's have another squint at that pictur' o' Dick Turpin an' his mare, Black Bess, mate."

"Give you five shillings on your bargain!" shouted a tall stockman, presently, from the outer edge of the circle, where he had been impatiently waiting for a look.

"Couldn't part with it," said the owner decidedly. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I'm going back to the township to-morrow. If the chap ain't gone, I'll let him know he can sell a few here. He might venture if you'll all give your word not to go for him when he does come. He's got lots of others, too. There's The Bloody Robber of the Blue Mountains, and The Pirate's Bride, and The Boundin' Outlaws of the Backwoods,—all same price, and all pictures and covers are the same as this one is."

"Right! Tell him to come! It was pay-day yesterday, mate," yelled the crowd unanimously.

"Not a bad night's work, I do believe," muttered the traveler to himself, as he reluctantly stretched out on the hard bunk-boards. "I hope, though, this confounded beard and mustache won't come off while I'm asleep, if I ever do succeed in getting a wink of sleep on such a bed."

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Part Two

"IS YOUR life insured?" "You'll get sudden notice to vamose the ranch, sir!" "Mind the dogs!" "Look out for whips!" "You'll lose your stock!"

Such were some of the warnings and admonitions dealt out to Mr. Potts by his friends, as he heavily loaded his buggy preparatory to starting for Barracaboo.

"I'll chance it!" said he. "Haven't sold a cent's worth yet; and it's the only place I haven't tried. They can't very well kill a fellow, anyhow. I'll chance it; 'faint heart never won fair lady'!"

"Bet you slap-up feed for the crowd to-night that somethin's broke afore you come back," said the American gentleman.

"Done," replied Mr. Potts placidly, as he drove off; while the bystanders, to a man, agreed to delay their departure for the sake of not only eating a cheap dinner, but witnessing a return which they were all convinced would be "as good as a play."

But they were mistaken. Mr. Potts was received at Barracaboo with open arms, no one recognizing in the clean-shaven features those of the bearded, dilapidated man who had the other night spied out the lay of the land and the leanings of its people. The manager was absent; but the overseer, who had already by personal inspection satisfied himself of the merits of Bold Dick Turpin, etc., was among the purchasers.

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Everything went like wildfire. Mr. Potts could hardly hand them out fast enough. Those present bought for others away on the run, and in a very short time there were only three volumes left.

These were of a different calibre to the rest of the rubbish, being nothing less than The Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha, with illustrations by Gustave Doré. However, as no one would even look at them at the price,—five pounds,—the dealer, having pretty well cleaned out "the hut," determined to try his luck at "the house."

Now, it happened that Mrs. Morris, the manager's wife, wished just at this time to buy something for her eldest boy, whose birthday was approaching. Recognizing, as a reading woman, that the work was genuine, and not more than a pound or two over price, she bought it. It was so much less trouble than sending to the capital, with a chance of disappointment.

"It'll do very nicely for Master Reginald," quoth she. "I'm sure he'll be pleased with it. And I'm glad to see that you people are at last beginning to carry something better than the usual lot of trash. I hope you had luck and did well among the men with these standard works of yours?"

"I did very nicely, indeed, I thank you, ma'am," replied Mr. Potts, smiling, as he bowed politely and withdrew without delay.

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John, the waiter, had twice informed the "commercial gents" that dinner was ready, before the anxious watchers saw the man who was expected to pay for it drive into the yard of the hotel.

"He looks kinder spry," remarked the American gentleman rather disappointedly. "Guess he's got clear off with a caution this once, anyhow."

"Buggy seems to run light," chimed in another. "Shouldn't wonder if they'd unloaded it into the river."

"Never had such a haul since I've been in the business, gentlemen!" exclaimed Mr. Potts, as he presently entered the dining-room with a big roll of paper in his hand. "There must have been some mistake about the place. Why, they're the mildest crowd you'd see in a day's march. Sellin' 'em books is like tea-drinkin'. It actually kept me goin' as fast as I could to change their stuff for 'em. Here, you know the Barracaboo checks. Look at this, and count 'em, one of you. Blessed if I've had time! I hope dinner's ready. Never let me hear a word against Barracaboo after this!"

There was a long silence of utter astonishment, during which the American rapidly thumbed strips of green paper, and made mental calculations.

"Eight hundred dollars!" exclaimed he at last, in tones of unalloyed admiration. "Mr. Potts, sir, you're a gifted genius! I give up, Colonel, to once, an' allow I'll take a back seat."

And so, in their several fashions, said the rest; while the lion of the evening ate his dinner, and kept his own counsel.

"Cost me four shillings, landed in Sydney, averaging the lot," said Mr. Potts confidentially to a friend that evening, as they enjoyed their coffee and cigars on the balcony. "I'm on my own hook, too, now. I seen that the specimen-sheet-monthly-delivery-collection-per-agent game was no good,—not that I guessed it was near as bad as it really is. So I sends straight away to New York for this consignment, specially got up and prepared for the Bush. It was a regular dazzler! You see, the boards are only stuck on with glue, type and paper's as rough as they make 'em, and the picturin's done by a cheap color patent. I've got another lot nearly due by this,—not for here, though. You fellows have ruined this district. Of course the Do-rees was genuine. I bought the three of 'em a job lot in town for a song. They're the only books I've got left now. If I'd had a score more of Turpins and such, I could have sold 'em at the Station."

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"There's old Morris, of Barracaboo, just come in," remarked some one the next morning. "He's on his way home from Larras Show, I expect."

"Which is him?" asked Mr. Potts eagerly (all literary people are not purists).

"Sorry to disturb you at lunch, sir," said Mr. Potts presently, as he entered, bearing a large book. "But Mrs. Morris was kind enough to say that this would do nicely for Master Reginald's birthday. Don Quixote, sir, the most startling work of that celebrated author, Gustavus Do-ree, sir. Splendidly illustrated, sir. Your good lady was very much pleased with it."

"Umph, umph," growled the manager. "Been out at the Station, eh? Didn't they run you, eh? No whips, no dogs! What?"

"I am not an advance agent for books I know nothing about, sir," returned the other with dignity, as he took the volume up again. "I sell a genuine article, sir, for cash on the nail. In transactions of that kind there can be no mistake, sir."

"Umph!" growled the squatter doubtfully. "Well, as long as the missus says it's all right, I s'pose it is. How much?"

He paid without a murmur. Mrs. M. was a lady who stood no trifling.

"Wrap the thing up and put it in the buggy," said he. "Gad, it's as big as the Station ledger! Really, a mighty fine book! Look sharp, now; I'm in a big hurry!"

"So am I," quoth Mr. Potts, as he returned. "John, do you know what time the next train starts north?"

When the manager reached home that afternoon with Don Quixote, and compared notes and books, there was a row, the upshot of which was that he received orders to hurry off at once in pursuit, and avenge the trick which had been played upon them.

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"You're a J. P.," stormed the lady, "and if you can't give that oily villain three months, what's the use of you? Besides, isn't five pounds worth recovering?"

Mr. Morris would much sooner have let the matter drop quietly. No man likes to publicly advertise the fact of his having been duped, least of all by a book-agent.

"Well, well, my dear," said he at last, "never mind. I'll go directly. I've got some letters to write first. But I'll send M'Fadyen into town to see that the fellow doesn't get away."

"Tell him," said the manager, as the overseer was preparing to start, "tell him I'm coming in presently, about—um—er—about a book. Oh, and if he gives you anything, perhaps you'd better take it."

Mr. Morris watched M'Fadyen hurry away. "No use," he muttered to himself, with a side glance to where his wife sat, "letting all hands know one's business."

Inquiring at the Royal, the overseer was told that Mr. Potts had left; although, perhaps, if he hastened, he might yet see him, as the train hadn't started. Sure enough, galloping up to the station, and searching along the carriages, he found his man just making himself comfortable.

"Be jakers, mister," he gasped breathlessly, "the boss wants to see ye badly! Have ye got anythin' for him? It's of a book he was spakin'. Tould me to tell ye that he'd be in himself directly."

"Too late! Can't stop! Time's up!" replied Mr. Potts. "But,"—rising to the occasion, and taking the last copy of "Do-ree" out of his portmanteau,—"this is it. It's for Master Reginald's birthday. Your boss wouldn't miss having it for three times the money. Six pounds,—quick!"

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In a desperate flurry, the old overseer ransacked his pockets. No; he could only muster four.

"All right, guard, wait a minute!" he yelled, as, borrowing the balance, he clutched the book, while the train, giving a screech, moved away, with Mr. Potts nodding and grinning a friendly farewell.

"Now!" exclaimed the overseer, "if that wasn't a close shave! The boss oughter think himself lucky, so he ought!"

So, carrying the book carefully under his arm, he jogged Barracaboowards.

Half way he met Mr. Morris coming in at full speed.

"No hurry in loife, sorr!" cried the overseer, beaming and showing Don Quixote. "I ped six notes for it, an' had to borrow two. It was just touch and go, though, so it was!"

—borrowing the balance, he clutched the book, while the train, giving a screech, moved away, with Mr. Potts nodding and grinning a friendly farewell

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A LAUGH IN CHURCH

SHE sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor;
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees;
She thought of a broken basket
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet;
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.—Pittsburg Times.

AMERICAN KINGS & THEIR KINGDOMS

HAVEMEYER
The Sugar King

IN THE United States there are perhaps twenty men who, not merely because of their wealth, but by reason of the extent of their power, may be called American Kings. They are not only millionaires,—they are rulers of vast commercial or industrial dominions over which their sway is almost despotic, and in which their control of the destiny or happiness of legions of their fellow-men is very nearly absolute. Sovereigns in everything but a diadem, their yes or their no, within their Kingdoms, is final.

One of these men is Henry O. Havemeyer, the Sugar King, known in Wall Street, and among all who deal in the sweetest thing in the world, as "H. O."

H. O., then, is the man who controls the output of seven-eighths of all the sugar used in this country, and one-third of the output for the world. His decree fixes the price which 70,000,000 people shall pay for one of life's necessaries. This is the power he wields as President of the Sugar Trust. This single individual reigns almost supreme over a Kingdom given up to the refining of sugar, the ninth greatest manufacturing industry in the United States.

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A Kingdom of 20,000 Subjects

His Kingdom embraces twenty of the twenty-two sugar refineries in this country. The refineries are scattered among nine of our great cities, and each plant includes a group of colossal buildings: four such groups in Brooklyn, four in Philadelphia, and four in Boston; two each in Jersey City and San Francisco; and one each in Portland, Baltimore, St. Louis and New Orleans. The average number of employees in each refinery is 1000, or 20,000 in all.

Besides his Kingdom, King Havemeyer has a number of industrial colonies and dependencies. In each of the nine sugar cities, for instance, he maintains a great cooperage, where the barrels for his sugar are made. His colonies consist, further, of nine coalyards, nine mammoth warehouses, nine factories for the manufacture of bone-black, used in purifying sugar, and nine immense machine shops.

In gathering and splitting the wood for staves, and in making barrels, the King keeps 5000 men always busy. And 5000 more are employed in shoveling coal and making the bone-black, and the sugar-mill machines, bringing the total to 10,000. Thus, with the 20,000 within the Kingdom proper, the Sugar King furnishes a livelihood for 30,000 men,—a number equal to all the inhabitants of Alaska, or to the combined number of employees in the manufacturing industries in the States of Arkansas and Mississippi, or the total number of graduates from all our colleges in 1898.

Mr. Havemeyer's independent fortune amounts to $25,000,000, and his yearly income varies between $2,000,000 and $2,500,000. His salary as President of the Sugar Trust is $75,000 a year, or $200 a day.

H. O.'s brother, Theodore Havemeyer, died in 1897, just before Grant Day; and when the Grant procession passed the mansion on Madison Avenue, where a Havemeyer lay as dust, the soldiers reversed arms and marched by to the solemn swing of the Dead March. Even while Theodore lived, H. O. was really the only Sugar King, for Theodore gave only the minimum of his time to the Trust's affairs. It was from the necessity of distinguishing one of these Havemeyers from the other that Wall Street acquired the habit of referring to them as Theodore and H. O.

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Controlling an Industry Involving $150,000,000

But all H. O.'s power as a private individual, controlling $25,000,000, becomes insignificant when compared to his sway as a Sugar King, responsible for the conduct of an industry involving $150,000,000. The statement of facts concerning this gigantic business enterprise is an Arabian Nights' Tale in figures.

Before the Senate Committee, while it was investigating the methods of the Sugar Trust, Mr. Havemeyer gave the figures very frankly in exact amounts, and to a penny. But for the mere purpose of showing the wealth of his Kingdom round numbers will answer. Of the $150,000,000 involved, $36,000,000 are in capital stock; $37,000,000 in buildings and machinery; $25,000,000 in cash and secured debts; $22,000,000 in a stock of raw and refined sugar; and $30,000,000 in the various auxiliary plants already referred to as colonies. The annual profits amount to $30,000,000, or twenty per cent. of the entire investment. With these vast profits, the King pays out for improvements in the refineries and the other plants, for cost of manufacture, for labor, and for insurance, $33,000,000 a year, or nearly $3,000,000 a month in cash, half of this in wages alone.

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Making Millions of Pounds of Sweetness Annually

As already stated, the Sugar King supplies seven-eighths of all the sugar used in this country. The remaining eighth is supplied by the Carl Doscher Refinery, in Long Island City, and by the Arbuckle Refinery, in New York, these being the only mills which the King has not succeeded in buying. These lone competitors produce together only 6000 barrels a day, while the mills of the Trust turn out, daily, 45,000 barrels, or more than 15,000,000 pounds a year.

In the manufacture of all this sweetness the King keeps 172 giant engines, with a total power of 84,000 horses, always in motion. He uses, besides, 2800 tons of coal and 70,000,000 gallons of water each day, not to speak of the fleet of ships, tugs and lighters used in the transportation of sugar by sea, and the immense number of trucks and horses on land. In the packing of his sugar the King uses annually 220,000,000 barrel staves, 16,000,000 pairs of barrel heads, 100,000,000 hoops, and 20,000 kegs of nails.

Such is the capital and labor involved, and thus does the Sugar King draw upon the resources of the country in producing the quarter-pound of sugar which, on the average, is consumed daily by each person in the United States. The powdered sugar on the pie, the lump in the coffee, the icing on the cake, the syrup with the preserves, the candied trifle in the schoolgirl's bonbonnière,—it is in his determination to be the only purveyor of the material for these sweet little items that Henry O. Havemeyer has made his power felt over the entire country.

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At His Desk

Every morning, down from his Fifth Avenue mansion, comes the King, not in a carriage, but in an "Elevated" train, along with other workers. For, like all successful men, H. O. is a hard worker. Even though for him success has attained to fullness and riches to vastness, he works on and on, for with him work has become a habit difficult to shake off. In its continued indulgence lies his happiness. Summer and winter, he arrives at the headquarters of the Trust, 117 Wall Street, at least two hours before noon.

His private office is a back room on the second floor of a building that was a family mansion when Wall Street was New York's Fifth Avenue. The room is furnished in oak, and besides the handsome rug on the floor, the only furniture is the King's oak desk, the King's oak chair,—his only throne,—and a huge easy-chair of oak and green leather, for the King's visitors.

The King's head would just graze a rule held six feet from the floor. Phrenologists say it is a fine head, with all the bumps of rapid thought and long-distance forethought, of keen judgment, of fearlessness, of quick temper, of determination, of untiring energy, and of worldly success on one side, while on the other there is sympathy, an artistic temperament, love of luxury, domestic inclinations, and esthetic tastes. These latter characteristics are those of the man, and he lives up to them in every instance.

The Sugar King has reigned ever since 1891, when he bought in all the refineries in the country and formed the Sugar Trust.

Such has been the growth of the sugar refining industry in this country: from 1828, in a cellar twenty-five by forty in H. O.'s grandfather's house, in Vandam Street, in New York, to 1898, with twenty groups of big thirteen-story buildings, covering many square miles of ground. H. O.'s grandfather and grandmother used to work hard together, all day, to make two barrels of sugar; now the grandson, working less with his hands, but more with his head, turns out daily twenty times the quantity that his grandparents produced in a whole year.

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The Little Factory in Vandam Street

This grandson took his first lesson in sugar in that same little factory in Vandam Street, though it then included the whole building, and was the largest establishment of its kind in this country. Even then, as now, the Havemeyers were at the head of the sugar refining industry in America. The business had been built up by H. O.'s father, Frederick C., of whom it was said that he knew more about sugar refining than any man in the world. All the father's knowledge was intrusted to the son, the present H. O., who has certainly made the most of his father's teachings.

Like the Astors, the Havemeyers are of German origin, though the family has been identified with New York all through the present century. The original Havemeyer, Frederick C., came to this country from Buchuburg, Germany, to make his fortune, in 1802. Henry O.'s uncle, William F., was Mayor of New York for several terms. The present Sugar King was one of ten children,—seven brothers and three sisters; but over all these contemporary Havemeyers, with the exception of the late Theodore A., he has risen, and is to-day *the* Havemeyer.

He is fifty-one years old, a half century given up to the making or the selling of sugar, always sugar. When he was still a small boy the business outgrew the Vandam Street factory, and his father built the first of the huge refineries in Brooklyn.

MR. HAVEMEYER'S HOUSE
FIFTH AVENUE AND 66TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

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When the King Fired the Furnaces

Here he went to work at the age at which other boys go to college. But for Henry O. there was no time for college,—though his father was a graduate of Columbia. The son, however, declared that the process of refining sugar could not be learned in a classroom. So in the Brooklyn refinery the future Sugar King began at the bottom, by firing the furnaces, and worked his way up amid the frightful heat of the boiling sugar, side by side with his father's employees, and, like them, clothed in overalls, his face and hands dirt-begrimed, and drenched in perspiration. After learning the most delicate of the refining processes, he at last helped to load the heavy barrels on the trucks, when he decided that he had graduated.

However, he does not wish to be made out a greater hero than he was, for during the last years of his work in the refinery he and his brother, Theodore A., fitted up a house opposite the refinery, where they took a plunge bath three times a day, changed their clothes, kept a chef, had good lunches, and lay down for a nap when they wanted to.

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The Millionaire's Growing Reticence

During his term in the refinery Henry O. was companionable with any and all of the men. Since then, however, he has been very reserved, holding aloof from close friendships. It is not an assumption of superiority on his part, but a natural reticence.

No man in the country has a more profound knowledge of the sugar question than this Sugar King, yet none talk less on that subject than he. Despite the changes he so frequently makes in the price of sugar, he is not moody, but always the same,—always brusque, and always straightforward. Any broker with a difference to settle prefers to leave the matter to the justice of H. O. than to any other man in the Trust.

After ten years in the Brooklyn refinery H. O. went to Germany, and spent two years learning all the German ways of refining sugar. Then he returned to Brooklyn, assumed entire charge of the works in which, formerly, he had been only a workman, and has been talking and fighting and dreaming about sugar ever since. When his father died, in 1891, leaving a fortune of $3,000,000, H. O. had already accumulated a fortune of his own of $7,500,000,—an amount which he has more than tripled during his seven years reign as Sugar King.

To the business world the Sugar King is a man too complex for understanding; he is an enigma; to those who know him at home he is simply a kind father and husband, a firm friend, and a thoughtful host, with a weakness for music and fine pictures.

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Havemeyer in His Home Life

In 1883 Mr. Havemeyer was married to Louisine Elder, the daughter of one of his business partners. He has three rosy, robust children, a daughter and two sons, Adeline, Horace and Electra. All the time he can spare from his Kingdom is spent with his family in one of his two palace homes, a mansion on Fifth Avenue, on the corner of Sixty-Sixth Street, and a magnificent château on Long Island Sound, near Greenwich, Connecticut. He cares neither for formal society nor for clubs, being a member only of the Riding Club and the Grolier Club. But he is always present at the meetings of the Directors of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and contributes liberally, both pictures and money, to that institution.

Art and music are his hobbies. In the dining-room in his city mansion hang eleven Rembrant paintings, the finest collection in America. He has also spent over $100,000 collecting Japanese pottery, the finest array of the kind in America. Again, in the music-room, he has still another collection, this time of violins,—violins of every shape and size and age,—thus making three different collections.

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Havemeyer's Fondness for Music

Mrs. Havemeyer never gives large dinners or dances, never holds receptions, never crowds the house with what is called society. The largest company that gathers there is the Havemeyer family party that comes on holidays to make merry.

On these occasions Mr. Havemeyer plays the piano for the young people to dance, and the violin for all to listen. They are glad to listen, for the love of music inherited from their German ancestors is part of their nature. Mr. Havemeyer himself plays six different instruments, and, as each of the numerous Havemeyers can play at least one instrument skillfully, they long ago formed a little string orchestra among themselves, Mr. Havemeyer playing the first violin.

At his château at Greenwich, probably the finest estate on the Sound between New York and Newport, the music is continued; but there is more outdoor life. The master is fond of thoroughbred dogs and horses, and

he enjoys raising fancy stock. It is worth the journey from New York to see his Southdown sheep.

This home is his pride, and here he lives the greater part of the year. Of the ninety acres surrounding the house, fifty are laid out in lawns and formal gardens. On the ground floor of the house Mr. Havemeyer has an office, with a private entrance for those who are not coming socially, and here he transacts a great deal of business. He gave the town of Greenwich a new schoolhouse costing $150,000, and he gave the church a new organ and a new parsonage. He is not ostentatious in his gifts, but he gives liberally.

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The Fool's Prayer

By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

Drawings by C. D. Williams

THE Royal feast was done. The King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells
And stood the mocking Court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the Monarch's silken stool.
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt and onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay!
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from Heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we have not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask; [all;
The chastening stripes must cleanse them
But for our blunders, oh, in shame,
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes,
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did their will. But thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed. In silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—From Edward Rowland Sill's Poems. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

PEOPLE I ADMIRE IN SOCIETY

THE WOMAN WHO WAS SPIRITUAL

By G. S. Street

IN THIS world of noise and trouble and wickedness, a great and wonderful boon is theirs who have the privilege of calling on Mrs. Mosse in her large house in Lancaster Gate. As you enter the hall, cabs and omnibuses and all other worldly things are at once remote. At once you are conscious of a beautiful, religious hush, which steals blandly over irritated senses and ineffably calms them.

A grave and stately man, his white head reverently bowed, precedes you noiselessly upstairs over the deep carpet. He opens a door without sound, and announces you in a hushed voice. You are in the presence of Mrs. Mosse. She sits in a thronelike chair with a carved back, reading a slender and beautifully bound book.

It is a desecration to interrupt her, but she lays the book gently on a table without a sign of reproach, and in a very low and soft voice asks you: "How do you do?" The question is ordinary, but as she puts it, looking gravely at you with her large, dark eyes, you immediately know that she has been really concerned about your health.

Then she slowly holds out her hand, and you feel privileged, indeed, to touch it for a moment with your own. You ought at this moment to be very, very happy. She talks to you in her low, soft voice, perchance of ordinary things, but as she talks, consummate goodness and the serene, comfortable consciousness of it breathe in every syllable, and the walls of a cathedral, or at least of a large church, rise invisibly on every side.

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At such a time her intimate friends,—of whom I am thankful, so thankful, to be one,—are allowed to tell her of their troubles, and she tells them that only in goodness, in doing their duty through good report or evil report, will they find peace. "That, at least," she says, "has been my experience!" She sighs softly, as over a world of past sorrows, gently, uncomplainingly borne.

But one is glad to say that Mrs. Mosse's appearance does not tell of wasting griefs, or of pious asceticism pushed to an unwise extreme. Her figure is majestic, and might be called even robust, and her face, with all its spiritual expression of saintly gravity, is by no means physically pinched.

She says that we should not despise the good things of this world, and in consuming them she has a look of meek thankfulness which is very beautiful to see, though you feel that she would far rather give them to the poor and live on bread and water.

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I do not know anything of Mr. Mosse's history. I have heard a good deal, but then, I do not believe it. There are people who say that he made the nucleus of his fortune by very cheap tailoring, and the rest by money-lending and promoting indifferently honest companies. But it is really impossible to suppose that the beautiful life of the house in Lancaster Gate is so supported.

And yet sometimes I have fancied that the trouble of which Mrs. Mosse speaks indefinitely is really the secret knowledge of her husband's dubious career. But no, again; had such been his history, Mr. Mosse would never have dared to marry this sainted woman. He is obviously under her unworldly influence, even appearing,—as well any ordinary man might appear!—timid in her society. He is certainly most unattractive; a little, sallow, fragile man, to be seen at dinner only.

Mrs. Mosse is his second wife, and when I first knew them there was a young man,—his son by a former marriage,—in noisy evidence about the house. A deplorable young man, given to racing and music halls, and,—Mrs. Mosse once told me in sorrowful confidence,—even to worse pursuits. He is gone now, and I am sure it was due to Mrs. Mosse's angelic pleading that he stayed so long.

I happen to know all about a dreadful crisis that occurred two years ago. Young Mosse lost a large sum of money to bookmakers, and his father declared that he should be cut off with a shilling and turned adrift. Mrs. Mosse (I know) pleaded eloquently for the culprit. It was not her fault that after every pleading Mr. Mosse was more incensed than before, saying that his son was killing Mrs. Mosse with his evil courses, and that he would not permit it.

Finally, the son was packed off to America, where he receives a pound a week. He mentioned the latter fact to me before he went, as well as (I regret to say) his hatred of his stepmother, whom he absurdly alleged to have set his father against him for sordid reasons. Of course, one cannot be sorry he is gone; he was unworthy to breathe the same sainted atmosphere as Mrs. Mosse, and must have jarred upon her dreadfully; moreover, it is better that she should have the money he would have wasted, to spend (as I am sure she spends it) in good works. But she always speaks of him with tender regret.

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Her care of her husband,—whom one cannot think to be in any way her equal,—is quite wonderful. It is for the sake of his dyspepsia that she keeps a largely salaried cook and a costly table, that his appetite may be stimulated by admirable dishes; otherwise she would save the money for charitable purposes. It is for his sake that her dresses and jewels are so exquisite. And it is for his sake that she goes to such frivolous entertainments as farces and comic operas, where, indeed, I have seen her pretending to laugh heartily that she might enter into her husband's gayety, when, no doubt, she was longing for her devotional books at home.

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Mrs. Mosse is not learned, and speaks very seldom of art or literature. It is merely her goodness, her serious voice, her saintly repose and the religious tone of her surroundings that make up the extraordinary refinement her friends admire. And if it is really true that she is of very humble origin, and was in a very humble position in life when she married Mr. Mosse, her refinement is marvelous indeed.

It places her above merely cultivated and hospitable women,—it is something beyond all that, and fills me at least with gratitude to Providence that I am acquainted with her.

At once you are conscious of a beautiful, religious hush, which steals blandly over irritated senses and ineffably calms them. You are in the presence of Mrs. Mosse

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The Red Tape of Duty

DUTY is the most over-lauded word in the whole vocabulary of life. Duty is the cold, bare anatomy of righteousness. Duty looks at life as a debt to be paid; love sees life as a debt to be collected. Duty is ever paying assessments; love is constantly counting its premiums.

Duty is forced, like a pump; love is spontaneous, like a fountain. Duty is prescribed and formal; it is part of the red tape of life. It means running on moral rails. It is good enough as a beginning; it is poor as a finality.

The boy who "stood on the burning deck," and who committed suicide on a technical point of obedience, has been held up to the school children of this century as a model of faithfulness to duty. The boy was the victim of a blind adherence to the red tape of duty. He was placing the whole responsibility for his acts on some one outside himself. He was helplessly waiting for instruction in the hour of emergency when he should have acted for himself. His act was an empty sacrifice. It was a useless throwing away of a human life. It did no good to the father, to the boy, to the ship, or to the nation.

The Captain who goes down with his sinking vessel, when he has done everything in his power to save others and when he can save his own life without dishonor, is the victim of a false sense of duty. He is cruelly forgetful of the loved ones on shore that he is sacrificing. His death means a spectacular exit from life, the cowardly fear of an investigating committee, or a brave man's loyal, yet misguided, sense of duty. A human life, with its wondrous possibilities, is too sacred an individual trust to be thus lightly thrown into eternity.

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They tell us of the "sublime nobleness" of the Roman soldier at Pompeii, whose skeleton was found centuries afterward, imbedded in the once molten lava which swept down upon the doomed city. He was still standing at one of the gates at his post of duty, still grasping a sword in his crumbling fingers. His was a morbid faithfulness to a discipline from which a great convulsion of Nature released him. An automaton would have stood there just as long, just as boldly, just as uselessly.

The man who gives one hour of his life to loving, consecrated service to humanity is doing higher, better, truer work in the world than an army of Roman sentinels paying useless tribute to the red tape of duty. There is in this interpretation of duty no sympathy with the man who deserts his post when needed; it is but a protest against losing the essence, the realness of true duty in worshiping the mere form.

Analyze, if you will, any of the great historic instances of loyalty to duty, and whenever they ring true you will find the presence of the real element that made the act almost divine. It was duty,—plus love. It was no mere sense of duty that made Grace Darling risk her life in the awful storm of sixty years ago, when she set out in the darkness of night, on a raging sea, to rescue the survivors of the wreck of "The Forfarshire." It was the sense of duty, warmed and vivified by a love of humanity, heroic courage, a heart filled with divine pity and sympathy.

Duty is a hard, mechanical process for making men do things that love would make easy. It is a poor understudy to love. It is not a high enough motive with which to inspire humanity. Duty is the body to which love is the soul. Love, in the divine alchemy of life, transmutes all duties into privileges, all responsibilities into joys.

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The workman who drops his tools at the stroke of twelve as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning may be doing his duty,—but he is doing nothing more. No man has made a great success of his life or a fit preparation for immortality by doing merely his duty. He must do that,—and more. If he puts love into his work, the "more" will be easy.

The nurse may watch faithfully at the bedside of a sick child as a duty. But to the mother's heart the care of the little one in the battle against death is never a duty; the golden mantle of love thrown over every act makes the word duty have a jarring sound as if a desecration.

When a child turns out badly in later years, the parent may say, "Well, I always did my duty by him." Then it is no wonder the boy turned out wrong. "Doing his duty by his son" too often implies merely food, lodging, clothes and education supplied by the father. Why, a public institution would give that! What the boy needed most was deep draughts of love; he needed to live in an atmosphere of sweet sympathy, counsel and trust. The parent should ever be an unfailing refuge, a constant resource and inspiration, not a mere larder, or hotel, or wardrobe, or school that furnishes these necessities free. The empty boast of mere parental duty is one of the dangers of modern society.

Christianity stands forth as the one religion based on love, not duty. Christianity sweeps all duties into one word,—love. Love is the one great duty enjoined by the Christian religion. What duty creeps to laboriously, love reaches in a moment on the wings of a dove. Duty is not lost, condemned or destroyed in Christianity; it is dignified, purified, exalted, all its rough ways are made smooth, by love.

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The supreme instance of generosity in the world's history is not the giving of millions by some one of great name; it is the giving of a mite by a widow whose name does not appear. Behind the widow's mite was no sense of duty; it was the full, free and perfect gift of a heart filled with love. In the Bible "duty" is mentioned but five times; "love," hundreds.

In the conquest of any weakness in our mental or moral make-up; in the attainment of any strength; in our highest and truest relation to ourselves and to the world, let us ever make "love" our watchword, not mere "duty."

If we desire to live a life of truth and honesty, to make our word as strong as our bond, let us not expect to keep ourselves along the narrow line of truth under the constant lash of the whip of duty. Let us begin to love the truth, to fill our mind and life with the strong white light of sincerity and sterling honesty. Let us love the truth so strongly that there will develop within us, without our conscious effort, the horror of a lie.

If we desire to do good in the world, let us begin to love humanity, to realize more truly the great dominant note that sounds in every mortal, despite all the discords of life, the great natural bond of unity that makes all men brothers. Then jealousy, malice, envy, unkind words, cruel misjudging will be eclipsed and lost in the sunshine of love.

The greatest triumph of the nineteenth century is not its marvelous progress in invention; its strides in education; its conquests of the dark regions of the world; the spread of a higher mental tone throughout the earth; the wondrous increase in material comfort and wealth,—the greatest triumph of the century is not any or all of these; it is the sweet atmosphere of Peace that is covering the nations, it is the growing closer and closer of the peoples of the earth. Peace is but the breath, the perfume, the life of love. Love is the wondrous angel of life that rolls away all the stones from the pathway of duty. —THE EDITOR.

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The Path Back to Colonialism

IT IS an odd result of our recent victories that they do not seem to be making us more self-reliant and independent in our own course, but only more deferential to foreign opinions and traditions. To do what Europe will expect or what England in particular will demand, this desire is being rapidly substituted for the old American inquiry, "What do we care for Europe?" This old theory doubtless went too far in the other direction, but was on the whole the manlier of the two. When our ancestors "fought the seven years' Revolutionary War for a preamble," the precedent was apparently established that we should think for ourselves. We ceased for a time to defer, because we had outgrown deference. In Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, when she goes into the court-room where the jury consists of mice and squirrels and lizards, and the Judge reads the order, "All persons above a mile high must leave the court," Alice retires from among the small people, justly feeling the order to be aimed at her. That was long supposed to be the way in which the American public had retired from the nations of Europe and set up for itself, but Alice now seems to be applying for readmission to the court.

This feeling of deference shows itself particularly just now toward England. The temptation to imitate England's career of conquest has for years been our chief peril. Yet all the English leaders most friendly to America, from Bright and Cobden down to Bryce and Morley, have distrusted this career, even for their own land. The Liberal party in England, our natural ally, has almost gone to pieces under it. Never was England so un-American as during the Queen's Jubilee. Imperialism held the field, and with it came absolute absorption in aristocratic interests and associations. The demands of labor, the needs of the vast army of the poor almost disappeared from the London newspapers. The House of Commons, the real ruler of the nation, on going to pay its official respects to the Queen, was kept a long time waiting in the palace ante-rooms, like a mob of tramps. Radical leaders retired into the country in little parties to get rid of the reactionary spectacle in London. The word "imperialism," said John Morley in a manly speech at that time, "never yet signified good to humanity, and never will." Yet this is the England for whose voice we now meekly listen, that it may instruct us how to hold control of the Philippines and build up a colonial Empire.

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It is stranger yet that this impulse of meek deference toward English example comes from the very region of our country where such subservience to foreign opinion was until lately most despised. "Europe," said Emerson, "stretches to the Alleghanies," but the sudden eagerness to follow in England's pathway does not come from the Atlantic coast, but rather from the great, impetuous West, which until lately spurned the thought of copying so much as the cut of a coat from England. It must not be forgotten, however, that to take England as our master is to follow bloody footsteps round the world. It was the march of English Imperialism which dynamited and suffocated the Matabele chiefs, with their wives and children, in the caves in which they had taken refuge. It was this which destroyed the winter's food supply of the Afridis and burned down their most sacred mosque in order to secure a more scientific frontier. It was this which allowed the Soudanese to slaughter the wounded Dervishes in cold blood as they lay on the field after the battle of Omdurman. It was this that took the body of the dead Mahdi from its tomb, lopped off its head as a curiosity, tore out its finger-nails and toe-nails as mementoes for English gentlemen, and threw the trunk into the Nile.

Such things do not show the English to be fiends or brutes, but it shows the truth, as old as human history, that the tendency of war is to brutalize; and the lower the grade of the adversary the worse the influence. Civil wars, though often more merciless than any others, are seldom as degrading, because the foes are more on an equality; but when the early American colonies offered prizes for Indian scalps they illustrated the inevitable tendency to meet the lowest foe on his own level. Missionary effort, even if conducted in a narrow spirit, has a tendency to elevate, but armed conquest, even for alleged missionary purposes, ends in carrying us back to the old Mohammedan war-cry, "The Koran or the Sword."—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

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The Wave of National Confidence

AS CREDIT is the life of trade, so the backbone of every financial enterprise is confidence. The records of the past few months in those pulsating centres of our financial world, the stock exchanges, not only point to an entire restoration of confidence on the part of the investing public, but for the immediate future are a rainbow of promise.

Within an incredibly short space of time American securities have advanced in their market value over a thousand million of dollars. Money hoarded or lying in limbo has been released. Bear raids in the interest of gambling cliques have proved ineffective. No strategic device, no combination of capital to depress securities or weaken public confidence has proved strong enough to stem the resistless tide.

The most significant factor of the situation is the tone of confidence. Its expression is not a symptom of speculative fever, for in many instances speculators have been driven out of the market. It is a symptom of vitalizing energy and vigorous health. Optimism is ever projecting in the imagination shadowy castles in Spain. But who shall say that our dreams are not materializing?

Our breadstuffs find a ready market abroad; railway earnings are unprecedented; iron mills are taxed to their utmost; cotton has advanced; shipbuilding is increasingly active, and such is the steady influx of gold from foreign exchanges that Secretary Gage estimates, at the present rate, that ten years hence, with unchanged conditions, the balance of trade would show in our favor a net excess of $3,000,000,000.

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When Aladdin came into his possessions and married he hung up his lamp, which soon rusted. Present conditions are rich in future promise. But a reversal may occur through overproduction, unwise legislation, changes in the tariff law, or foreign complications. Our financial security, like our liberty, is only maintained at the price of eternal vigilance. Whatever may befall, we cannot become bankrupt. We are not likely to forfeit our birthright.

There is an inexorable law of necessity underlying the economy of Nature, however, which results in fluxion and change. We have not built on shifting sands, but that changing conditions are recurrent, the ebb and flow of the tide, is abundantly proved by the history of the past. "The laws of Nature play through trade," says Emerson, "as a toy battery exhibits the effects of electricity." Overconfidence lulls us into false security; prosperity leads to speculation and extravagance. As one of the foremost figures in Wall Street forcibly put it the other day: "The shrewd investor is making more of a study of the condition of properties in which he invests, or speculates, than formerly. The habit of buying any property merely because it is active, without knowing anything about its merits, must lead to heavy losses."

The vital question to the money lender is, how to reap the utmost benefits on invested funds. Gilt-edged securities command a premium and offer a low rate of interest. They are in such urgent demand that savings banks offer equal and even better inducements to private investors. Industrial bonds and shares are an alluring form of investment; but as the capitalization of industrial concerns is often in false ratio to their earnings, and as, under present conditions, their management cannot be subjected to rigid scrutiny and supervision, they are somewhat relegated to the speculative class. And yet industrial production is one of the principal sources of a nation's wealth.

Recent developments show marked improvement in the management of industries, which are gradually working their way, by reason of their intrinsic character, to the favored class. The tendency of the age is toward the pooling of interests and powerful combinations in trade, presenting a mixed situation which time will doubtless improve. Our expanded commerce and industrial production are creating new wealth. Confidence, well-founded, is an augury of good times. We need not look for an era of booms, rather for steady advancement and increased confidence along the enduring lines of prosperity.—HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

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The Treasure-Chest of Time

SUPPOSE you had a box containing seventy-five thousand silver dollars, and you knew that this money would have to support you for the rest of your life. Suppose there were no possibility of investing it at interest, or of earning any more, but that you had to dip into the box to meet your daily expenses, and that, when your last coin was gone, you would starve to death. If you were thirty-five years old, you would be able to spend about six dollars a day until you were seventy. What should you think, in such circumstances, of the policy of spending two or three dollars apiece for ten-cent novels, paying the price of opera seats for continuous performance shows, and allowing every chance acquaintance to help himself to your coins as he would to your matches?

It is said that "time is money." It is something more than that. It is life itself. If you are thirty-five years old and expect to live to be seventy, and if you have six leisure hours a day, which is quite as many as most people can count upon, you have just 76,650 hours ahead of you for all the culture, recreation, enjoyment and usefulness to yourself and others that this world holds for you. And you have not the certainty, as you would have in the case of the dollars, that your hours are all in the box. Perhaps the one to which a bore is helping himself just now may be your last.

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When that bore drops in at eight in the evening and stays until eleven he has pocketed at least the one-twenty-five-thousandth part of your life. When you spend ten hours in reading a worthless book you have thrown away more than the one-eight-thousandth part of your leisure existence. If you have to spend an hour a day on the cars, when an improved system of rapid transit would take you to and from your work in half an hour, you are sacrificing one-twelfth of your life to the backwardness of the corporation that carries you. If you have so neglected the art of living that you drift along aimlessly for three hours a day, you are practically arranging to die seventeen years before your time.

There is nothing so precious as life when it is gone, nothing so cheap while it is going. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close Range Studies of People as They Pass

Colonel Denby in Constant Demand

Colonel Charles Denby is an exceptional representative of American official life When, in the year 1885, President Cleveland appointed him United States Minister to China, but little could be found out about him excepting that he was a Democratic lawyer from out West

When President Harrison took office he yielded readily to suggestions that Minister Denby should not be removed from his position, in which he was efficiently serving both China and Japan while war was on,—suggestions that were fortified by the expressed wishes of both belligerents

After the war was over the Emperor of Japan conferred on him the Order of the Rising Sun,—the highest distinction given to persons not of Royal birth,—for his care of Japanese interests in China during the war, and he was allowed to serve his full term

On his return home, and before he had an opportunity to reopen his Indiana law office, his advice was needed in Washington, especially in connection with the Philippine problem and American commercial interests in the far East

Next he became a member of the Commission to investigate charges against the War Department, and his services in that field were scarcely finished when he was invited to join a commission to report on conditions in the Philippines and the various perplexing questions relating thereto

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Senator Davis as Butler's Ghost

Pessimistic croakers are continually raising the cry that the country has at present no great men,—there are no legislative giants in Congress. True, there are men in Congress of merely mediocre ability, crafty politicians whom party machinations have forced into the Senate and House. Not of this class is Cushman K. Davis, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate, and lately a member of the Spanish-American Peace Commission

He has risen to a position of prominence by the sheer force of his own personality. Raised on a farm like many of our great men, Cushman K. Davis has risen to be one of the leaders of American political thought.

He worked his way through college, and then devoted himself to the study of law and American history. At the age of twenty nine he was a member of the Minnesota Legislature; the following year he was made United States District Attorney, and at the age of thirty-five elected Governor of Minnesota. In 1887 he was elected Senator To-day he is consulted as an authority on all matters of national legislative import that are above the realm of mere party politics.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

As a young lawyer, he strove to handle, not the cases of the rich, but those of the poorer classes. How ably he defended their cause is shown by the fact that his own State knows him as "Davis, the people's lawyer."

Senator Davis strongly resembles the late Benjamin Butler, of Massachusetts. He is about the same size, his head is shaped very much like that of the famous General, and he has a cast in one of his eyes similar to that one always associates with Butler. Some time ago a former messenger of Butler came suddenly upon Davis in one of the Capitol lobbies. He looked at him for a moment and then rushed frantically into the cloak room

"'Fo' de Lord," he cried, "I done seen General Butler's ghost; I done seen it, sho."

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Mrs. McKinley's Faithful Friend

As a result of a little act of thoughtfulness an old negro woman now occupies a position on the White House kitchen staff

It seems that when the Presidential party took part in Atlanta's peace jubilee the day was chilly, and the carriage containing Mrs. McKinley was blocked in the parade

"Aunt Martha," a well known and respectable old negress of Atlanta, advanced from the packed mass with a bundle in her hands. Going straight up to the Presidential carriage, she said to Mrs. McKinle

"Missus, it's too cold for you to be out to-day, and I se brought you a hot brick to keep your feet warm," adjusting the brick at the same time. So touched was the wife of the President by this simple little attention that she investigated the qualifications of the old woman, and before she left Atlanta tendered her the position which she now holds

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Lipton's Determination to Win

If pluck, perseverance and a determination to win count for anything the international yacht race next October promises to be a most exciting event Sir Thomas Lipton is in no sense like our former challenger, Lord Dunraven. He intends to win the coveted cup if it is possible, and is too much of a man and a sportsman to accept defeat in anything but a sportsmanlike way.

Sir Thomas places his hopes for success in the yacht Shamrock, now being built In a letter to the Post he says:

> "I am pleased to say we are getting on well with the Shamrock, and hope to have her fitted out and sailing in June. I am fully aware of the great difficulties with which we have to contend in attempting to lift the America cup, knowing what capable men the Herreshoffs are, and it is an acknowledged fact among our own experts that there are none more able than they in connection with boat building, so that we have got to give the most earnest and special attention to every little detail in order to have a chance of bringing back the cup, but if we do not succeed in this it will not be for the want of doing our very best."

Mr. William Fife, Jr., who is building the S[illegible]k is not perhaps as well known as George L. Watson or Beavor Webb, the famous British yacht designers. But it is one of Lipton's business rules never to deal with an unsuccessful man, and the fact that these British designers have had their boats repeatedly beaten in our international races has sufficed to exclude them from Lipton's consideration.

He took up a younger and less famous man in William Fife, Jr., aged forty, who belongs to a race-winning family, commonly known about Scotland as "the Fifes o' Fairlie." Three generations of Fifes have built yachts for near a century at the little town of Fairlie on the Ayrshire coast, and the grandson, in the present manager of the yards, has turned out a number of winners

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When Doctor Hoge Ran a Blockade

In the recent death of the Rev. Moses Drury Hoge, D.D., for more than fifty y[illegible] stor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Virginia, the country, and especially the South, has lost one of the foremost preachers and orators of his day. He was tall, lithe, graceful, a man of great dignity, yet easy of approach, an impressive speaker, with a chaste and often dramatic style

During the Civil War he not only administered the affairs of his large congregation, but applied himself to the voluntary task of looking after the Confederate soldiers. In 1864 the supply of religious literature gave out, and Doctor Hoge, unable to secure any from the North, became a blockade runner.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

He escaped from Charleston, and went to London by way of Nassau, Cuba and St. Thomas. Through the influence of the Earl of Shaftesbury he obtained from the British and Foreign Bible Society a grant of 10,000 Bibles, 50,000 Testaments, and 250,000 parts of the Scriptures of convenient size for soldiers to carry in their pockets, and again ran the blockade with his unique cargo of Army supplies.

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When Kipling was Engineer

Kipling is not a man who goes through the world with his eyes closed. Everything he sees and every experience he has he can turn to some account in his stories It now transpires that his story "007" is reminiscent of an experience of his at the Cape

When Mr. Kipling was just visiting the Cape one of his pleasures was riding on engines. He got a permit to ride on the locomotives of the Cape Government railways, and made use of it

An engineer on one of the roads reported that he was not up to schedule time because he carried "one of those literary swells," who had insisted on running the engine

"He really does know something about it" declared one of the road superintendents And in this knowing something about everything of which he writes lies his great success. The result of this knowledge is shown by the vividness and truthfulness which mark his stories

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Secretary Long's Faithful Service

If we are to believe report, Secretary of the Navy Long would prefer to leave the President's official family and retire from politics If such is his desire it should be respected, muchas the country would regret his resignation of an important post, of which he has proved himself worthy.

The present disgraceful tumult in the War Department has found no echo in the Navy Department, and not a breath of scandal has been raised against Long or his methods. A cloud arose when the Schley Sampson controversy was to the fore, but it vanished in mist, and no criticism fell on Long

Secretary Long, by his wise counsel and prudent management, is largely responsible for our splendid series of naval successes, yet he claims no credit save that of duty done He is genial and kind, yet calm and clear headed. Should he resign he will return to his home in Hingham, Massachusetts, with the respect and appreciation of the entire country

Long passed his early years in Buckfield, Maine. After graduating from Harvard he taught school for a time and then gradually drifted into politics. He was elected a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and stepped from Speakership in that body into the Governor's chair. Then he was sent to Congress, and finally was chosen by President McKinley as the man best fitted to stand at the head of the Navy Department

Mr. Long's home in Massachusetts is not a pretentious mansion, but it is beautifully situated on a strip of land which stretches out into the bay and commands a magnificent view. This he has described in one of his published poems. He has a wife and a little boy to whom he is devotedly attached.

SECRETARY LONG

MINIATURE PORTRAITS

Lord Rosebery's Definition of Memory.—At a dinner not long ago some one asked Lord Rosebery what memory was. "Memory," replied the English ex-Premier, "is the feeling that steals over us when we listen to our friends' original stories."

Schley's Baptized Uniform.—Admiral Schley is very proud of the full-dress uniform which he wears on ceremonial occasions. At a reception in Washington the other night a lady asked him if it were a new one. "No, indeed!" he exclaimed; "I have worn this uniform for the past twenty years. It has been baptized several times."

Wilson's Plan for Raising Dates.—Secretary Wilson said recently to Governor Otero, of New Mexico: "I believe this country ought to produce its own dates and not depend on others. We are spending some money in building up the industry, and we are going to send to your home and elsewhere an improved tree, of which we expect much."

The Original of John Storm.—While in Chicago recently Mr Hall Caine named, for the first time the original of the character of John Storm in The Christian. He said

> John Storm had not one but two prototypes in life. One I will call Father J., and the other is James Adderly, son of a peer [illegible] Adderly was an Oxford man, and when he secured his degree he turned his back on the West End and went to live in the slums. He drifted towards monasticism. When I made his acquaintance he was wearing a robe of the Anglican monk a cord about his waist three-knotted to show that he had taken the vows. He was the physical likeness of John Storm, and like him, he left his class to serve an ascetic ideal."

Reed's Ruling on the Street-Car.—On a recent bitterly cold night Speaker Reed had occasion to ride on a street-car the conductor of which negligently left the door open, to the great discomfort of the passengers. Mr Reed beckoned to the railway official, and when the latter came inside asked "Why have you got your collar turned u[illegible] friend?" "It's mig[illegible] cool," responded the conductor, "and I want to keep warm." "So do the rest of us," observed the Speaker; "suppose you shut the door."

Rockefeller's First Photograph.—John D Rockefeller, when a poor lad, had his first picture taken with his class at Oswego Academy, Oswego, New York, in 1853 It was a daguerreotype Mr Rockefeller had tried in vain to buy it from his former teacher, William Smyth. Mr. Smyth died a short time ago, and his son has since sent the picture to the millionaire.

Hepburn's Distance from Home.—Just after his return to Washington from spending Christmas in his Iowa home, Congressman Hepburn was asked by Clerk McDowell, who looks after the mileage of Congressmen, "How far is it to your home, Mr Hepburn?" The Iowa man reflected for a moment and then said "Five hundred and thirteen dollars' mileage."

When Allison Nominated Lincoln.—Senator Allison, of Iowa who has been in the Senate for twenty-five years, was one of the Secretaries of the Republican National Convention of 1860, and as such it was he who announced the nomination of Lincoln

A Prince's Embarrassing Question.—A good story is told of the young Crown Prince of Germany. Soon after Bismarck's retirement the Emperor and Empress were at dinner with their elder children and some eminent statesmen, when the Prince suddenly broke out with: "They say, father, that now Prince Bismarck has gone you will be able to tell the people to do just what you like, all by yourself. You will enjoy that, won't you?"

Studying the Philippines from the Purely Economic Side

President McKinley is neglecting no opportunity for thoroughly acquainting himself with the conditions that actually exist in the Philippines. He has already had the benefit of the personal experiences of Admiral Dewey, Generals Merritt and Otis, and of several special investigators who were sent thither by the State and Treasury Departments

In appointing a regular commission to visit and report on the islands, he sought information of a character different from that pertaining to the vexed question of government,—facts bearing more on the social, personal and economic views and less on the political

The Philippine Commission is a body of strong men in whom all Americans have confidence It is quite properly, headed by Admiral Dewey and General Otis, the present Military Commander at Manila Its real strength for the President's purpose lies in the non official members

President Jacob S Schurman, of Cornell University, Charles Denby, for several years our Minister to China, and Professor Dean C. Worcester, of the University of Michigan, will consider the problem carefully from a military standpoint Professor Worcester from his long residence on the islands and ex Minister Denby, because of his familiarity with the questions dominating affairs in the East, are particularly fortunate selections

Strengthening the Bonds Between Hawaii and the United States

Several important steps have been [illegible] toward a unification of the interests of Hawaii and the United States, each a marked innovation in the local conduct of the former Kingdom and Republic.

In Congress, the House Committee on Territories has filed a majority report on the bill providing a new form of government, recommending some changes in the plan drafted by the Hawaiian Commission, notably, that all laws of the Hawaiian Legislature be made subject to ratification by the United States Congress

The House has passed a bill to extend to the islands the navigation laws of the United States, under which American registry will be granted to all vessels flying the Hawaiian flag and owned by Hawaiian citizens on July 7, 1898. A special bill also extends to the islands the customs and revenue laws enacted by our Congress

Both Houses of Congress have had before them a bill to extend over the islands the labor and exclusion laws of Congress, and speedy action has been urged because of evidence that large numbers of contract laborers were being shipped from Oriental and Italian ports for Honolulu

Trying to Fix by Law the Money Value of a Child's Life

Last summer the Post noted a number of curious legal proceedings that have established the money value of a human being, considered both as a whole organism and in its separate parts Recently, an Indiana jury has rendered a decision measuring the cash relation of a child to a parent

A child eight years old was drowned Suit was brought to recover $5000 for his loss, and the jury gave judgment in favor of the parent for the exact sum of $509 95. Fifty-five hours were spent in figuring out how much the child would have been worth to the parent in money if he had lived

The jury fixed the earning capacity of a child from eight to ten years old at forty five cents per week, and the cost to the parent of keeping him at eighty five cents. Continuing the calculation to the twenty first year, the jury declared that the most valuable time in a child's life to the parent is between the ages of fifteen and eighteen

In the last period the earning capacity of a healthy boy should be $5 per week, and the cost to the parent of keeping him $2.75

Improvements Needed for the Finest Harbor on the Atlantic Coast

Really, instead of being censured according to regulations, the officers of the battle ship Massachusetts should have been commended for unwittingly allowing that vessel to be injured by grazing the sunken wreck near Diamond Reef in New York Harbor while making her way out to sea

The accident cost the Government about $100,000 for repairs to the vessel, but it had the beneficial result of stirring the authorities not only to remove this "Merrimac" of the harbor, but to reduce Diamond Reef that has always been a terror to navigators, and to provide the great harbor with a safe channel for the huge war-ships of the day

This is the second warning the Government has had within a few months, and it is one that it is heeding Since the accident to the Massachusetts there has been laid before Congress, with influential indorsements, a report of the Engineer Corps favoring the provision of a channel either thirty or forty feet deep and 2000 feet wide, extending from the Narrows to the sea, to cost $6,688,000

It is now evident that Diamond Reef, which slopes from Governor's Island toward Liberty Island, in the upper harbor, must first be destroyed, if the Government expects to safely float its biggest ships in the finest harbor on the Atlantic coast

Sending Silk Direct from Syria to American Looms

All the way from Syria comes a newspaper, Lissan ul Hal, extolling American silk manufacturers, and pointing out benefits that would arise from direct dealings with the silk producers of Syria.

It notes that eighty five per cent. of the silk goods used in the United States is the product of our own factories, and says that the success of American manufacturers in supplying the home demand and obtaining a foreign foothold is the more strongly marked "since other nations have failed in their efforts to compete with France."

A representative Syrian should be engaged to study the peculiarities of American manufactories, as the native method of reeling might have to be changed to conform to American looms. At present thousands of the peasantry of Lebanon find profitable employment in rearing silkworms.

The paper predicts that it

> "is only a question of time when the raw [illegible] of Syria, which amounts to some 900,000 pounds annually, will be exported direct to the United States, instead of being [illegible] once to be reinsisted, rebranded and reexported to America, as is the case with four-fifths of the Syrian silk harvest."

Philadelphia the Centre of a Great Shipbuilding Boom

The anticipated boom in American shipbuilding has set in much earlier and more strongly than was expected. Last summer the needs of our Navy created a spurt in a few large shipyards, but it is the orders for new vessels for the mercantile service that really tell the story of the industry's revival

To-day there are 204 merchant vessels and fifty eight warships under construction in the United States, of a combined value of $62,110,092, and fully one third of the total merchant tonnage has been laid down in seven shipyards on the Delaware River, within twenty five miles of the City Hall in Philadelphia.

A significant feature of the mercantile construction is that all excepting fourteen are steam vessels, and that of these there is an unusually large number of the mail steamship class. At Philadelphia, Chester and Wilmington the condition of the industry is such that employees are working overtime, with a speedy promise of day and night shifts to accelerate the work

An Anglo-American Bout with Germany in Samoa

That trouble was brewing in Samoa has long been evident, but the recent outbreak was of a character wholly unexpected In the recent election for a new King, Mataafa was clearly the choice of the natives, but Chief Justice Chambers, the American head of the Supreme Court and the highest authority under the tripartite agreement, declared that Mataafa was debarred by the treaty of Berlin, and decided in favor of Malietoa Tanu

A fight between the followers of the rival Kings was quite in order; but, unfortunately, the German municipal President, aided by the German Consul, usurped the judicial authority and took possession of the court-house. The American and British Consuls barred the building, ejected the German officials, and threatened with arrest and imprisonment any person attempting to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Court

It is not at all likely that these incidents in themselves will lead to any international complication, but they will have an influence on affairs on the islands that are now unsatisfactory to all interests concerned. The Consuls of the three nations, as well as the Chief Justice, based their action on their construction of the Berlin treaty

Seeking to Solve the Secret of Keely's Mysterious Motor

Whether the mysterious devices of the late John W Keely possess any intrinsic or commercial value is about to be determined, and we shall probably have tangible results much sooner than if the inventor had lived.

The various mechanical contrivances have been removed from Mr. Keely's workshop in Philadelphia to Boston, under the careful direction of the attorney for his estate, and there Mr Kinraide, who probably knows more about Mr. Keely's idea and plans than any living person, will endeavor to find out what there is of practical value in them.

In the meantime a number of well-known scientific experts of Philadelphia have critically examined the Keely workshop, found a large compressed air sphere of steel buried in the cellar and several fine brass tubes concealed in a brick partition, and have declared a common belief that Keely used compressed air in his experiments and that his alleged mysterious forces were delusions.

The United States Opens Her First Colonial Office

For the first time in the history of the Government the United States now has what is called in Europe a Colonial Office. Till the Colonial Commission was appointed, the direction of affairs in our new possessions and temporary dependencies by military authorities naturally fell within the immediate scope of the War Department

This Department is now, and probably for a long time will be, fully occupied with the manifold duties of caring for our soldiers at home and abroad Besides this fact, the time has already arrived in several quarters where it is deemed advantageous to substitute a fuller civil authority and gradually restrict the military to the preserving of order

In relieving the War Department of the burden of details respecting the Government of the new possessions, the President has provided the means for making that branch of the service more effective, and at the same time brought the people of the islands in closer touch with the Government in the purely non military, internal administration.

The Colonial Commission, which will act in conjunction with the War Department, comprises General Robert P. Kennedy, a veteran of the Civil War, lawyer, and former member of Congress; Curtis G[illegible] Jr., a member of General Fitzhugh Lee's staff, and George W. Watkins, who represents the commercial element

A Novel Kansas Idea for Settling Railroad Disputes

At its recent special session the Legislature of Kansas passed a bill that is a decided novelty in railroad legislation.

The bill, in brief, provided for the establishment, not of an ordinary commission, such as exists in most of the States, but of a regular court vested with exclusive original jurisdiction over causes of controversy between the railroads and the public.

To it would be extended the authority belonging to courts of common law and equity, under which it could obtain evidence and compel obedience to its decisions. The first Judges would be appointed and their successors elected; hence, the public would have a personal interest in the court, and have no occasion to charge the selection of incompetent or irresponsible Judges.

The Real Cause of the Eagan Court-Martial

Strongly repugnant as is the real subject-matter, the court-martial of General Charles P. Eagan, Commissary-General of Subsistence of the Army, will be watched with eager interest by every person in the country who had,—or has still,—a father, brother, son or friend in the Army

Although the charges and specifications against General Eagan are confined to the language he used toward General Miles before the War Department Investigating Commission, the real action concerns the quality of meat provided by General Eagan's department for the soldiers in the field and those who were sent out of the country on the various expeditions.

General Miles has openly declared that large quantities of this meat was wholly unfit for food, and that when eaten, through lack of any other, it made the soldiers sick and unable to perform the duty expected of them Since his return from Porto Rico he has been conducting an investigation in his own way.

Government chemists have found in some specimens of what General Miles called "embalmed beef," boracic and salicylic compounds, and testimony to the unwholesome character of much meat that was furnished to the Army has accumulated rapidly General Eagan regarded General Miles' charges as a personal attack on himself, and allowed his resentment to take a form that resulted in the court-martial proceedings

The Electric Current Made to Serve Miners in Montana

There has recently been installed for Montana's capital city of Helena an electric plant that is said to be excelled only by that at Niagara Falls It is not only supplying every industry in the city and its vicinity with power, but it is doing so with an expenditure of only four-tenths of its energy.

The plant is located at Caffon Ferry sixteen miles from the city, and obtains its power from the Missouri River in its passage through the main chain of the Rocky Mountains. A great dam was constructed across the river at a cost of two years' time and half a million dollars. It is expected that before long power will be transmitted from the plant to Butte, about forty miles overland, which is now the greatest mining camp on earth.

The special interest in this plant consists of the novel uses to which its power is put and the promise that it gives of completely revolutionizing the great mining industries of the State. Besides supplying street railroad, street lighting, telegraph and telephone and general manufacturing systems it is harnessed to immense smelters, concentrators, mine hoists, and nearly every kind of mining machinery

It has overcome the great drawback of scarcity of water, and is expected to reduce the cost of treating ore from two dollars to seventy-five cents per ton,—which is certainly a great item to a State with an annual mineral output of about $50,000,000

Congress Formulating Plans for Promoting Naval Men on a Fair Basis

It is unfortunate that the battle off Santiago is to be fought over again on the floors of Congress, for the Navy has been singularly free from incidents calculated to mar a most brilliant and successful service, yet justice and an innate love of fair play may be promoted by an investigation based on facts and official records

As the case now appears in the popular mind, the battle was planned by Rear-Admiral Sampson, and in his temporary absence on duty ten miles away from the scene was fought by Rear-Admiral Schley The former was the responsible commander of the united fleets; the latter was the senior officer under him; and when the commander was called away his place and responsibilities devolved upon the senior officer

The controversy opened in Congress goes further, however, than a discussion of the relative merits of the two Rear Admirals. It makes a strong attack on the Department's scheme of promotion, and also espouses the cause of officers quite as deserving though less fortunate than those to whom exceptional advancement was accorded, because they were deprived of the opportunity for giving equally effective service.

Secretary Long undertook to remedy the evil effects of promoting certain officers over the heads of others of equal rank, but he ran into a legal barrier. Now that the law making power has the matter in hand it is to be hoped that the irritating question may be settled for all time.

LUMBERING IN CANADIAN FOREST AND FLOOD

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
Pictures By GEORGE GIBBS

HOW MILLIONS OF LOGS ARE HANDLED

IT IS when the earliest light frosts begin to crisp the mornings, and streak the grave green solitudes of the forest with flashes of vermilion, claret and gold, that the first move of the lumberman is made. Then the marker, a close-lipped veteran who knows the wilderness signs as the lynx and the bear know them, makes his lonely reconnaissance.

In the empty logging-camps he makes his home, rehanging the rough door upon its hinges, and piling fresh hemlock boughs into the snuggest corner bunk for his bed. By day, ax on shoulder, he explores the woods in every direction from the camp. At this season, after a summer undisturbed by sight of man, the squirrels and rabbits are so bold they take little care to shun his path, and the partridge coveys, whirring up from his very feet, alight in the lower branches of the beech trees and stretch long necks of curiosity at him as he strides beneath them.

When the Bear and Panther Look On

At night the marker takes pains to latch his door, for, if he were not too wholesomely tired to lie awake, he would hear, perhaps, some heavy body approach over the scattered chips, lean tentatively against the door, sniff at the threshold, and then shamble off, shy and aggrieved. It is a well-fed bear, who throughout the summer has been making his bed in that same corner bunk. Again, there may come a light thud, and a scurrying of claws upon the dry slabs of the roof over his head. It is some wildcat, prying for news as to the interloper.

But when winter brings the choppers and haulers, with their clanking teams, the wild things give the camp a wide berth. The only creature not scared off by the bustle is the plucky and impertinent Canada jay, or "whisky-jack." This bird resorts to the camp without delay, and with his saucy confidence gets on the right side of the cook. In New Brunswick camps these "whisky-jacks" are held to be the transmigrated souls of departed lumbermen; and as the individual birds become known in camp, they receive the names of old comrades.

In the Sacred Domain of the Cookery Boss

The camp itself, which is now quickly repaired and made strong against the winter storms, varies somewhat in plan according to locality and according to the numbers of the "gang" it must accommodate. Its site is usually a knoll or gentle hill slope near a lake or stream, and well above the reach of floods.

Immediately adjoining it is the squat, wide-eaved log barn, with stalls for the horses and stanchions for the oxen. A rude forge stands at safe distance from camp and barn. The space between is deep with chips, some fresh from to-day's ax, the rest in all stages of decay. Within the camp, the men's sleeping bunks are ranged down one or both sides of the rooms.

From the central space they are fenced off by a long piece of squared timber supported on legs, and known as the "deacon-seat." One end of the camp,—sometimes, indeed, an extension of the main structure,—is sacred to the cook, and his assistant, the "cookee." And being sacred to the cook means something in a lumber camp, for this functionary wields a power second only to that of the "boss" himself.

The Molasses Cake that Makes a Feast

The stock fare in camp is fat salt pork, beans, hardtack, and, in some localities, hot raised bread, or "riz bread," as the cook is apt to call it. The drink is tea, strong and copious, and well sweetened with molasses. (I speak merely of the lumber camps of Eastern Canada; for I am told that in the West coffee is the more favored beverage.) But the camp that has an indulgent cook gets appetizing extras,—huge sheets of molasses cake, for instance; and dishes of pork, molasses and soaked hardtack fried together.

When the snow lies deep enough to fill the holes and bury the stumps and rocks, then the camp drives at high pressure. While the stars yet glitter bitingly from a dark sky, the teamsters must turn out into the icy air and get their beasts foddered; the cook and cookee must be astir to have breakfast steaming on the long deal table by the first of dawn. By the time it is full day the choppers must be felling the chosen trees, and the hauling must be fairly under way.

After a day of this strenuous toil in the snow and frost there is little time and less energy for skylarking in camp at night. After supper and a smoke,—the tobacco is usually "black jack," sable and juicy, good alike for smoking and for chewing,—the men roll into their blankets, and snore till, all too soon, comes the next day.

Week follows week, then, in a good logging winter, with a monotony of severe labor, heavy eating and sleep. Once in a great while the shy but mighty forces of the wilderness assert themselves. A tree, felled clumsily, crushes the chopper in its fall. A sturdy sapling, weighed down by snow, is suddenly released, and in its terrible recoil breaks a horse's leg or a teamster's back.

The Panther that Dropped from the Tree

Sometimes a bear, winter-thin and angry, is unexpectedly stirred from his snow-covered lair, and makes fierce fight before the axes finish him. Or sometimes,—very rarely, it must be confessed,—some vast and dense-topped pine tree, when chopped down, proves to hold a dangerous tenant in its branches. A panther, scared by the axmen's approach, has taken refuge in what he thought a secure concealment. His discovery usually means some invalids in the camp for weeks afterward, or even, perhaps, a funeral.

On Sundays, however, there is relaxation. Then, unless some traveling mission priest, on his snowshoes, happens along, there is apt to be some rough skylarking.

Practical Joking in the Snow

Within the camp, to be sure, the presence of the "boss" exercises a certain degree of check, but the boisterous practical joke is apt to win favor from every one, excepting the victim. Outside, upon the beaten snow, are wrestlings and trials of strength, with perhaps a fight, when some long rivalry has grown too bitter for restraint.

The quieter spirits amuse themselves with their skillful pocket-knives, cutting little blocks of white pine into strange intricacies of workmanship. In the camps I know best, it is the proper thing to carve boxes whose opening is a cunningly devised puzzle and whose interior, when discovered, is found to be full of amber globules of spruce gum.

Cutting Down a Tree with a Man on It

If there be a greenhorn in the camp,—a hand who has never been to the lumber woods before, Sunday is the day of fate for him. He never knows what to expect, and if he be wise he will expect the worst. One of the favorite methods of initiating a raw hand is called "chopping him down."

By some plausible argument, such as the view to be obtained or an observation for the "boss'" benefit, the raw hand is induced to climb a tall tree with a bushy top. Sometimes he is artfully driven thither to take refuge from persecution. The moment he is lodged in the branches, the swiftest axmen rush forward and assail the trunk. White and fast fly the huge chips. The unhappy victim essays to climb down, but he is too late.

In an agony of terror, the poor fellow swings himself around to the uppermost side, and clings in desperation. His heart leaps into his mouth, and his diaphragm flops up against his heart, as the tree, slowly and majestically describing a vast arc, sinks to the ground. The direction of its fall having been rightly chosen, and the chopping rightly calculated, the peril is not so appalling as might seem. But at best it is an experience to be shunned, and if the raw hand proves a Tartar, somebody gets a licking afterwards.

In the quieter moods of their scant leisure the lumbermen beguile the time with songs, called "chanteys." These are, as a rule, long-winded yarns, with a frequent refrain. Their humor and sentiment are crude.

When the Spring Freshet Comes

All winter the teams have been kept busy hauling the cut logs to the waterside,—usually the bank of a small river. Here the timber is gathered into what are variously known as "landings," or "brows," to await the spring freshets which shall carry them down to the mills,—to await their sawing. When spring approaches the work of the lumbermen grows harder. The first heavy thaws make the snow rotten, so that it "slumps," and this "slumping" may let man or ox or horse down anywhere from two to six or eight feet. Both chopping and hauling become tenfold more arduous.

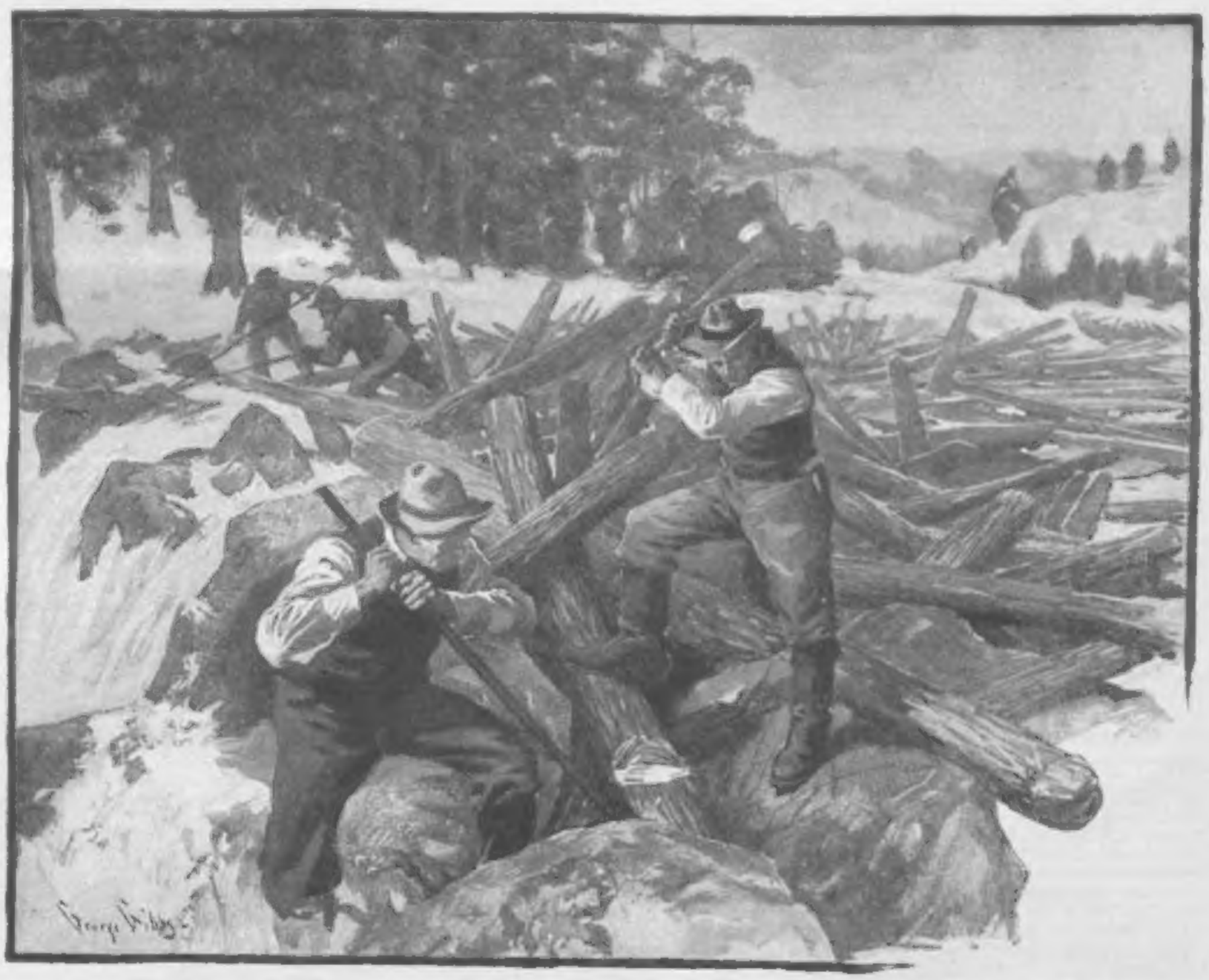
Meanwhile, every slope is pouring its rivulets of melted snow into the brooks, and the brooks, with daily increasing uproar, are clamoring down to swell the little rivers; till one day the rotting ice crumbles into great cakes and goes out with a rush.

The Most Dangerous Task of All

Now begins for the lumbermen the hardest and most dangerous work of all,—the work of "stream-driving." The brows of logs are tumbled into the flood. The camp is forsaken. Cook and cookee, with teams and supplies and material for the erection of rude shelter, are hurried on down stream to make ready for the next night's halt. The rest of the gang swarm down along the water-side with oaths and shoutings. They carry their axes no longer, though, of course, these insignia of the lumberman are close at hand in case of need. Their weapons now are "pike poles," "peevies" and "cant dogs," as the various forms of steel-shod, spiked or hooked poles are termed, with which the "stream-drivers," as the lumbermen are now called, must seek to guide the logs. The toiling, shouting men and the plunging logs, taken all together, are called "the drive."

In a shallow rapid, or perhaps at the lip of a little fall, a log catches on a rock. Another is upon it. Then along they come, by twos and threes, steering inevitably for the obstruction; and if the stream-drivers, with ax and peevy, fail to break the combination at once, in a marvelously short time there is a jammed and jumbled rampart of logs from shore to shore, with the dammed stream spurting madly through the interstices.

This goes on till either the accumulating weight behind bursts the dam and the whole



WORKING A "JAM"

thing goes with a deadly rush, or, on the other hand, the mass compacts, held fast by rocky jaws farther up stream, and the river proceeds to fill with logs.

Now waist deep in the icy torrent, now springing nimbly, pole in hand, from spinning log to slippery rock, the red-shirted, yelling crew strive frantically to clear the way and avert the disaster. But when the jam is once fairly established there comes a pause. It must be "cut out." And this is a task over which to take most serious counsel. The lumbermen who take ax in hand to cut out a jam on a bad river know that they take their lives in their hands at the same time.

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Thousands of Logs Jammed Together

The jam is usually held in place, or "pinned," by three or four logs called "key" logs. To determine these is the task of the "boss," who surveys the situation minutely, and then plans the attack in such a way as to expose the assailants to the least possible danger.

Two or three chosen axmen,—the experts of the camp, the "boss" himself usually one of them, this being the post of honor,—pick their way across the face of the barrier, between and among the spurts of spray. Then, as coolly as if death in the most hideous form were not banked above them and liable to crunch down at any instant, they set themselves to sever the key logs.

The hands on shore watch breathlessly. Voices are hushed. The daring ax-strokes dimly sound above the roar of waters. There is a crack,—a settling of the mass. The crowd on shore yells. The choppers throw away their axes and leap for their lives. The waves and spray shoot high into the air, as the huge mass, grinding and dully roaring, sweeps away. Too often, however, the choppers do not all get ashore in time. No season in the lumber woods goes by without the jams taking their tribute of young life.

But it is not the jams alone that count their victims. The whole operation of stream-driving has a ghastly record. All day wet up to the waist in the freezing current, at night sleeping wet and ill-protected, and driven hour by hour at exhausting pressure, the lumbermen are a choice prey for rheumatism and kindred ills. Every lumbering village has its twisted cripples to attest the vengeance of forest and flood.

Sometimes the work of stream-driving takes another turn, and progress slows up. The freshet, perhaps, just where its turbid bosom is crowded with logs, subsides suddenly and without warning. As a result, both banks are left lined with stranded logs. Word goes down to the settlements that "Carson's Drive," it may be, is "hung up" on the Clearwater or the Beckaguimic.

The teams come back, and are used to "snake" the logs, by twos and threes, down to the diminished stream. On the steeper slopes, however, the men handle the logs without the aid of the horses. In this work the cant-dog comes in,—a sturdy, short pole, armed with a spike and a hinged hook. The cant-dog is a very skilled persuader of contumacious logs.

At last the "drive" comes out upon the broad tide of the main river, and the dwellers in the villages along the banks, awaking one spring morning to find the flood crowded and blackened with slow-moving shapes, exclaim, "The logs are coming down!"

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Logs Hemmed in Like Corralled Mustangs

Once afloat on the open river the logs have a quieter career. Soon they are entrapped into the vast inclosures of the "booms," which consist of long lines of timbers chained together and anchored to a succession of piers.

Now the lumbermen are called "boom hands," and live in shanties along the bank hard by. One end of the boom swings right across mid-channel, perhaps, and has to be hauled aside by chain and windlass when tug-boat or river steamer would pass through.

Within the boom, in rough weather, the pent logs pitch like a herd of corralled mustangs. Yet the keen-eyed, active boom hands run hither and thither like cats over the rolling surface. In the larger booms are gathered the logs belonging, perhaps, to several different companies. Each company has its mark on its own logs, and here they are sorted out, made up into rafts, and sent off to their respective mills.

If the current of the main stream be sluggish, then the rafts are taken in tow by powerful little tugs, which deliver them speedily to the shrieking saws. But if the stream has a fairly rapid flow, and time is not pressing, then comes the idyllic season of the lumberman's year. Lumberman, did I say?

Now he is called "raftsman." The great rafts that go down the St. Lawrence carry a raft-house and a crew. The raft-house is a comfortable floating shanty, well equipped with cook and grub. There are spells of hard work upon the long sweeps, when the raft descends a rapid, or a gale threatens to push the raft over on to a lee shore. But in good weather there is not often much to do save lounge on the sunny, balsam-scented logs, chew gum or tobacco, smoke, sing or yarn. The weather is generally good throughout the blue Canadian spring, and during these days when he is raftsman the lumberman forgets his winter's hardships and deprivations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

With a Word or Two of Editorial Comment

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In your editorial, Living Life Over Again, occurs the sentence, "It may be part of the spirit of the age to believe that it is no sin to cheat a corporation or a trust," etc. I wish you had developed that thought further. Is it right for us to cheat and rob a trust which is cheating and robbing us? Must we sit silently by while corrupt lawmakers and legislatures throw away valuable franchises, and then meekly submit to the extortions of a trust as though we were mere slaves?

Trusts rob us unblushingly; why should we not return the compliment? They know no moral code but that of the thug; why should we treat them as gentlemen? The snake which has been fondled and nursed has grown into a python and threatens to coil its slimy folds around every privilege, every liberty of American citizens. We are and ought to be the laughing stock of the world when we prate of liberty and bend our necks to the power of the trusts.

Won't you let us hear your opinion?

Biddeford, Maine. W. R. C.

[No human or divine law gives any individual the right to steal from a thief. If, to your mind, any corporation or trust seems to be a thief, and if you honestly so regard them, then your duty is to use your influence in every way within your power to bring about legislation that will render them helpless, and unable to continue what you individually feel is their crime.

You would not cure them of their dishonesty by your dishonesty; you would be simply adding to the evil of the world you so enthusiastically deprecate.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I have read with deep interest the article in the issue of your paper dated January 14 regarding the moral and spiritual status of the man O'Donnell, and should like, if it be feasible, to express through your columns appreciation that this matter has thus been brought more fully to public notice, not only on account of justice to the individual, but because of the principle it involves.

The trouble with most of those who profess to follow Him, who truly exemplified the principle of self-sacrifice, is that they are so hedged in by respectability as to be absolutely helpless in the face of any great moral right or wrong.

There have been, and are, however, some broad spirits, like Mrs. Ballington Booth and her colleagues, as well as many others whose names are not on the roll of fame, who have followed in the footsteps of their Master; and though many small stones impede the flow of right feeling, the channel of public sentiment, relative to the just treatment of men of all natures, is steadily though slowly widening toward the fulfillment of true righteousness.

Although I am rather in doubt, from his closing remarks, as to what the attitude of the writer is regarding the authority of such sayings as "The last shall be first" and "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord," as spoken by Him whose example is several times quoted, I am sure that he, as well as all other thinking men, must feel that true justice shall finally triumph despite the many "whys and wherefores" that assail us on every side.

This from one who is only too prone to take the blackest and most pessimistic view of things, but still looks for light through the clouds. CARRY FOSTER.

Poughkeepsie, New York.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I cannot express to you the surprise with which I read Mr. Hawthorne's editorial on What Shall We Say of This Man? How dare any man of this stiffnecked, flint-hearted generation stand up and editorially defend an outcast who performed a Christlike act? Mr. Hawthorne's courage is sublime, and a man who can write such an article is a man to whom every American can take off his hat.

Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." Again: "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." I am proud to number myself among the subscribers to a paper which has the courage to print such an article, and I give you my permission to reprint this letter.

Xenia, Ohio. JONAS PIERCE.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I would like to avail myself of the privilege you so kindly offer to answer the editorials. The article in question is by Julian Hawthorne in the January 14 issue, and entitled, What Shall We Say of This Man? To my mind, what we shall say is very simple. Mr. Hawthorne raises unnecessary questions and ignores the main one.

This man, M. O'Donnell, may have done a very noble thing in the eyes of those who believe in honor among thieves. The question of his breeding or his previous record had nothing to do with the case. He connived at a miscarriage of justice and in so far was a real criminal. By his act he shielded a real criminal who was left free to continue his evil career.

Viewed thus from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, this man acted the liar and the cheat, not the noble, generous individual the editorial would have us believe. He is different only in degree from the man who, knowing the real criminal, by remaining silent refuses to give him up to justice.

And if we grant that M. O'Donnell is not as good as we are, it by no means follows that Christ and His religious system is wrong. For while Christ did say, "Greater love hath no man," etc., He surely meant only for a good cause. And the Christ who came to fulfill the Ten Commandments would not view with favor a man who by an act of self-sacrifice shields a brother and a criminal, but who thereby puts the remainder of humanity in jeopardy by reason of the real criminal's freedom.

Very truly yours,

Johnstown, Pennsylvania. P. SCHILL.

[Judged from an earthly standard, from the point of view of human law, Mr. Schill's first two points seem well taken. Studying the question from its harmony with divine law, we must admit there is a wonderful purifying spiritual power in a sublime act of human love and sacrifice, even though that sacrifice be from a false standpoint.

The criminal may have had for a moment the true spirit of Christliness in the great love that led him to assume the punishment of another, yet that moment, or the acceptance, for years, of the consequence of that moment, does not constitute a whole life. It is merely a revelation of a high-tide of spiritualizing love in a low nature and shows the wondrous possibilities within all men. To properly judge the man one would have to understand the conflicting motives behind his act.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The able treatment of the editorial, Our New Midway Plaisance, has caused it to be read with more than passing interest. It seems to me that there is danger of becoming an Imperial Republic. If there is not, how can we face expansion? Can we hold out the Monroe Doctrine, on the one hand, and say to the Powers, Keep off the grass, and on the other deliberately trample upon it ourselves? No. There is danger of becoming vain because of our achievements. Look at the tone of our ultimatums to Spain and note the Imperialistic command that is implied.

It seems that almost every man of office who has any influence whatever is trying to climb on some person's shoulders and then push him down as he springs upward, that he may give Imperialistic commands.

For instance, look at General Miles' military bill. It provides for a Lieutenant-General. Who will that Lieutenant-General be? Look at the International Bimetallism scheme and see what a snare that was. The time seems fast approaching when the officials at Washington will lay off their cloaks and, swaggering round in their seeming importance, say to other nations, "You shall."

Miltonsburgh, Ohio. D. W. L.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Personally, I think that the editorial, Worry the Great American Disease, is one of the best articles I have ever read. If that does not cause a distinct decline of the epidemic nothing that is written ever can.

But can the disease of worry ever be cured? It seems to me it is like malaria; it gets into the system so gradually and so insidiously that we are scarcely conscious of it till the tell-tale wrinkles, the broodings, the nervous tension all give warning of the presence of the ailment.

But as malaria is largely the result of unhealthy environment, so perhaps worry, our national ailment, is the result of the atmosphere of hurry.

There are many doctors who declare that a large percentage of their patients only imagine they are sick. They like to be paid attention, to arouse sympathy, to be waited upon. I wonder if a great many people do not foster worry! If there is really nothing to worry about then they worry over such a state of affairs. They worry themselves into unearthing something to worry about. Oh, for more of the reeds and rubber balls among us; the reeds which bend beneath the blast only to stand as straight as ever when it is past; the rubber balls which when thrown down rebound unharmed. Too many persons are like a valuable but cracked plate,—they may be relied on to a certain feeble extent, but one never knows when the crack will widen into a break. Excuse me for taking up your valuable time.

Macon, Georgia. RAMBLER.

[Worry is a habit of mind that attains its power over us by our day by day surrender to trifles. If we would overcome the habit, we must simply reverse the process by which the habit was formed.

We must, day by day, conquer the trifles, realize more and more that every victory in a single instance is stored up by Nature as a reserve power in our hour of greater need. Conquer worry in the little things, and you will be ready and powerful when the greater troubles come.—The Editor.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I notice with displeasure the alarming vitality of the Adam-and-Eve-apple problem, and fearing lest it become troublesome I inclose a solution which, by passing all possible limits, will, I hope, defeat all subsequent assaults. Thus

Of the forbidden apples Eve ate and fell... ∞
Adam, too, ate and fell..... ∞
Quantity eaten..... ∞
(Greater than any assignable quantity.)

CHARLES BLAMPIELD.

Mattapan, Mass.

[Our correspondents have sent in many answers to the apple question, but this final one it is impossible to surpass. The method of reaching the conclusion is the simplest yet suggested.—The Editor.]

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THE CHOICE OF MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION

BY DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY

NO PROFESSION offers such great opportunities to the young man of to-day as that of medicine. In choosing it, the aspirant for medical honors may be cheered by the probability that many of the greatest discoveries of medical science will be made within the next twenty-five or thirty years.

In the quarter of a century that ended with 1898 there was much greater progress than in the hundred years preceding. Progress has been measured by the advancement of the standard by which the student has been measured, and that standard is vastly higher to-day than it ever was before.

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The Doctor as a Final Authority

No restrictions hem in the student of medicine nor the practitioner. The lawyer is governed by previous decisions. If he advances a new and perhaps striking argument, the judge says that his plea may not be allowed, that So-and-so has decided so-and so, and that precedent governs. Or, if his case is before a jury, the Judge is very likely in his charge to make a similar statement to the "twelve men good and true." Thus, no matter how clever his argument, how wise his belief, how potent his facts, he must abide altogether by what some one else has said, or what some one who is higher in authority than he believes should be done.

The medical man is counsel, judge and jury, all in one. He is his own bishop, his own judge. There is no creed for him but that which is embraced in the words experience, common-sense and humanity, combined with what medical science teaches him without in any way fettering him. The world of progress is his. The fact that any other doctor or surgeon has declared thus and so regarding a disease or operation need in no way restrict him. If he has discovered anything better and can prove it, his comrades of the profession are ready to join hand and voice with his in letting the world know what has been achieved.

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Scientific Education an Absolute Necessity

A classical and scientific education, besides the knowledge gained in the medical college, is an absolute necessity to future success in medicine. It is the groundwork that must not be neglected.

Time was when the boy could step from the plow or the carpenter's bench into medicine, but that state of affairs has gone forever. To-day the young man who has the medical profession in view should enter college so that he can graduate before he is twenty-five. Then he should take a four-years' course at a first-class medical college. If he can, after that, he should spend two years in hospital, and if possible two years more in study abroad. Then he can come back ready to begin practice.

Only a small proportion of the young men who constitute the future physicians and surgeons are of sufficient means to gain all this knowledge. It requires struggle and hardship. It is adversity that brightens us, that furbishes our brains, that makes us put our best foot foremost. It is the heel to side and whip to neck that makes even the thoroughbred lengthen his stride.

The young man who would succeed in medicine must be willing to barely keep body and soul together, if necessary, in order to gain that absolute requisite,—an adequate education. There will be a thousand things happen to discourage him, and even when he has reached that step in his career that permits him to put out his shingle and declare to the world that as an M. D. he is ready to begin business with it, the outlook is often, to him, anything but alluring.

I remember well, a great many years ago, when I was busy with my hospital duties in New York, the thought came to me one day: "Here I am, twenty-seven years old, nothing accomplished in the way of provision for the future, no reputation. My life is a failure."

I had this thought to comfort me then: I must simply learn to work for the work's sake, and leave the future to take care of itself. I was discouraged, and it seemed to me as if I had wasted the best part of my life, but I kept on, and I have never been sorry for it.

In the days when I was a young doctor came the Civil War, and that gave a lot of us young fellows a chance to learn such as it was impossible to gain in any other way. I got a hospital position as one of the surgeons, and I well remember the pride I felt when I looked down at the stripes at the side of my trousers, at the evidence of rank on my coat, and thought of the "U. S." on my cap. How proud I was when I would ride up to the hospital on my spirited horse and the soldiers would salute me.

•

The Present the Day of Specialists

Those were the pleasant facts that stood out in bold relief beside the suffering and death that were around us, the emergencies that were to be met and the responsibilities to be borne. But we did the best we could under the circumstances. Wide as that experience was, the medical student of to-day who takes a course at a first-class city hospital will practically learn very much more than we did in the old days.

The young men who thoroughly fit themselves for the practice of medicine in the future will start in where the war doctors ended. But they will have more to contend with. The public expects more of a doctor to-day than in the times when practically nothing was known of true aseptic surgery. Mistakes will not be tolerated now that once went unquestioned. This is the day of the specialist in medicine, but that fact does not release the doctor of the future from the obligation that rests upon him to be a thoroughly educated, all-round man.

When the young doctor has gained the stage of first practice his real professional struggles and hardships begin. No matter how well grounded he may be, he must make a start, and the meed of his success will be in accordance with his ability to grasp opportunities, and where his horizon line is.

To the broad-minded young doctor with brains and with the right sort of ambition all things are possible, and it is a fact that cannot be gainsaid that the measure of fame allotted to medical men is governed by their ability to grasp opportunities, by their breadth of vision. Fame comes to the doctor whose vision is limited only by the world, and the lesser mediocrity falls to him whose little world lies within the section encompassed by a few streets.

GEORGE F. SHRADY, M. D.

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

The young doctor's first patient should be his friend, if that be possible, for it should never be forgotten that this is the first of the world's inhabitants who is willing to trust him and to pay him for taking up the fight against death and disease.

My first patient is my patient still. When I was House Surgeon in the New York Hospital, a relative of his father was brought there and treated by me. Afterward, when I opened an office, this man came to me and brought his sick son, saying that I had cared for his relative so well in the hospital he had made up his mind that, when I began practice, if any of his family fell ill he would call me to attend them.

•

The Story of My First Patient

The boy grew up, and has never since wandered after strange gods. He is living to-day. His father, who brought him to me, is now a grandfather, old and infirm, but he is also my patient. He lives in the top of a six-story tenement on the East Side of New York. He comes to see me, and I go to see him, and no greater pleasure is mine from the case that carries with it the largest fee than I always feel when I have been able to be of aid to this man who first trusted me with his son's health. He is very poor now, but neither he nor I think of fees any more.

When the young doctor stands on the verge of practice, two fields of labor lie before him. One is the country, the other the city. He has the comfortable knowledge that success means a fairly good living in either; that judged side by side the advantages are very nearly equal.

If he chooses the path that leads to a metropolitan practice it is safe for him to calculate that the most moderate success means an income of $2000 a year. If he becomes a country medico he is almost positive of an income of $1200, because that is the average. In the city it is likely to be five years before he more than earns his expenses. In the country that happy position may be his in two years' time, if he is economical.

In the country, it is more than likely that he will have less struggle and hardship in gaining a foothold, for he is sure to become better acquainted and to have much less competition. Then, again, it is always possible for him to shift the responsibility by suggesting that some famous metropolitan doctor be consulted, or that the patient be sent to a hospital or sanitarium. He is not supposed to have the constant advantage of practical example with which the city man must of necessity always be in touch. Then, again, he does not have to contend with the meretricious free dispensary system, which tends so surely to rob the young city doctor of what should be his first earning of small fees.

The city doctor must, as a rule, encounter a dozen rivals where the physician of the country has few, or perhaps none at all. He must keep up the appearance of prosperity, although the nose of the wolf is snuffing at the very crack of his door.

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The Importance of a Fine Office

He must have a well-furnished office, for the public must never be permitted to imagine for an instant that he is not prosperous.

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The young man who chooses medicine as a profession will do well to remember that the physician is the public educator of the future in great measure. Advanced as he must be in science and all that appertains to the foundation of a classical education, he is ever a student, always a leader.

•

The Country Doctor

In every minor town the doctor ranks with the clergyman and the judge. His opinion is sought. His word is not questioned. His advice has a mighty influence on the lives of hundreds. Every one he meets speaks to him. His sphere of personal influence is wide. Much of this is not vouchsafed the equally competent city doctor.

•

The leaders of medical science of the future are the unknown students of to-day. We cannot all be Harveys, Jenners or Listers. Many are called, but few are chosen. After all, it is not necessary to be great to be good. The profession of medicine needs honest, careful, conscientious workers, each one of whom can be a hero in his own way.

The man who makes of medicine a trade is both a professional and business failure. Success can only be gained by hard, persistent effort, with as little thought of money as possible. Mere money to the true physician is only the means whereby he can help to gain the great ends of high calling. When pecuniary success comes to him it is tribute, not pay for his professional services.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, The Choice of Medicine as a Profession, is one of a series of papers on the choice of a profession. It is the purpose of the POST to print from time to time various articles on the different walks of life by men who have achieved national success in their lines.

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NEWS FROM BOOK LAND

On the Supreme Altar of the Sun.—From Fuji-no-Yama the pilgrim looks across to "the tremendous East" and salutes the Rising Sun. A million men have stumbled up its scarred and blackened sides; for it is "the most sacred mountain of Japan,—the holiest eminence of the land that is called divine,—the Supreme Altar of the Sun,—and to ascend it at least once in a lifetime is the duty of all who reverence the ancient gods." And they that cannot perform this act of faith in person must do so by proxy.

For us of the West the pilgrimage has been made by Lafcadio Hearn. In Exotics and Retrospectives (Little, Brown & Co.), his latest published book, you will find his notes of the ascent.

Other writers have described Fuji, but their pale ink has only made it a fact in geography for us; this one lines it out in living colors, and with his final stroke it is no longer a thing read, but a thing seen. Other travelers have told of the ascent, but they have given us a record, not a reality; this one keeps us at his side, toiling up with each breathless, broken sentence, and with his last word it is no longer a pilgrimage made by proxy, but in person.

•

Seen from afar, in the early morning, Fuji appears "a vast blue cone,—warm-blue, almost violet through the vapors not yet lifted by the sun." As you approach and the vapors thin, Fuji changes color. "It is no longer a glowing blue, but a dead, sombre blue." Still nearer, and then—

> "Fuji has ceased to be blue of any shade. It is black,—a frightful, extinct heap of visible ashes and cinders and slaggy lava. . . . Most of the green has disappeared. Likewise all the illusion. The tremendous naked black reality,—always becoming more sharply, more grimly, more atrociously defined,—is a stupefaction, a nightmare. Above, miles above, the snow patches glare and gleam against the blackness,—hideously. I think of a gleam of white teeth I once saw in a skull,—a woman's skull,—otherwise burnt and charred to a sooty crisp."

THE SUPREME ALTAR OF THE SUN

Then begins the ascent over a "broad waste of black sand, sloping and narrowing up to those dazzling, grinning patches of snow. But there is a track,—a yellowish track made by thousands and thousands of cast-off sandals of straw flung aside by pilgrims. . . . . The path is at first over ashes and sand. . . . . There is nothing firm, nothing resisting to stand upon. . . . . Rocks dislodged by my feet roll down soundlessly; I am afraid to look after them. Their noiseless vanishing gives me a sensation like the sensation of falling in dreams."

•

But it is not by the proxy of a brief review that you can form an idea of Lafcadio Hearn's notes on Fuji, and then they are but a little part of his book. There is a paper on the Insect Musicians of Japan, those night insects which are caged by an imaginative people. The poets of the East liken their voices to "the tinkle of tiny bells," and "there are countless Japanese poems, ancient and modern, upon the voices of night insects in general,—chiefly in relation to the autumn season."

One of those given by the author runs:

> "I never can find repose in the chilly nights of autumn,
> Because of the pain I hear in the insects' plaintive song."

And another:

> "These trembling dews on the grass,—are they tears for the death of autumn?—
> Tears of the insect-singers that now so sadly cry!"

•

A second paper along similar lines is on the singing of frogs, of which it is written in an ancient poem:

> "With hands resting upon the floor, reverentially you repeat your poem, Oh, frog!"

And again:

> "Now sings the frog, and the voice of the frog is perfumed;—for into the shining stream the cherry petals fall."

So far, I have barely touched the Exotics, which make up the first half of the book. They include besides A Question in the Zen Texts, a paper on The Literature of the Dead, and an essay on Moon-Desire. The Retrospectives is a series of ten little essays,—or, rather, fantasies, as the author calls them.

• • •

The Indian in Folklore.—Nothing in literature is quite so perennial, so fascinating, so full of delight as folklore, and Mr. Jeremiah Curtin has given, in Creation Myths of Primitive America (Little, Brown & Co., Boston), a volume of mythical tales, many of them interesting, many of remarkable beauty, and all curious. Mr. Curtin's name is well known through his translations of Quo Vadis, With Fire and Sword, and other works of the Polish writer, Henryk Sienkiewicz, besides his own books on Myths and Folklore of Ireland, and Myths and Folk Tales of the Russians and Western Slavs.

•

This new volume of American myths contains twenty tales taken down word for word by him from Indians who knew no religion nor language save their own.

They all relate to the adventures and exploits of the "first people,"—the gods,—who for a period of unimaginable duration lived in complete harmony, without division or dissension. At last a time came when different characteristics appeared, and then there were conflicts and battles, the result being that these "first people" were turned into trees, plants, stones, and all kinds of creeping, swimming, flying creatures. According to this,—the American Indian,—theory, every existence that we see in the world about us is a transformed or fallen divinity, of high or low degree.

The most noteworthy tale, perhaps, in the collection is Olelbis, containing an account of the creation of the heavenly house in the Central Blue,—the highest point in the sky above us. This myth also describes the great World Fire, which was extinguished by a flood, and also the reconstruction of the earth in its present form. The tale of Norwan resembles the Helen-of-Troy story, though richer in incident, and gives the origin of the first war in the world,—not among men, however, but among gods.

The volume contains an elaborate introduction and an appendix, with explanatory notes.

• • •

Love in Epigram, compiled by Frederick W. Morton.—The compiler says in his preface: "Others have quailed, weakened, deserted their posts, but Cupid keeps right on at the old stand, as perennial and fresh as ever. He has not shown a single white feather since he began his campaign."

Having the literature of four thousand years to choose from, Mr. Morton naturally found an embarrassment of riches in the form of sayings, conjectures and opinions regarding the character and essence of love,—that most popular of subjects,—and he has shown excellent taste in culling his flowers of speech. The book is intended as a companion to the author's two crisp, witty volumes, Women in Epigram and Men in Epigram, which have already been published. (A. C. McClurg & Co. Chicago.)

• • •

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